Old Batchelour,

A

COMEDY.

As it is ACTED at the

Theatre-Royal,

BY

His Majesty's Servants.

Written by Mr. *CONGREVE.*

The Sixth Edition Corrected.

Quem tulit ad Scenam ventoso gloria Curru,
Exanimat lentus Spectator; sedulus inflat.
Sic leve, sic parvum est, animum quod laudis avarum
Subruit, aut reficit——

Horat. Epist. I. Lib. II.

LONDON,
Printed for *Peter Buck*, at the Sign of the *Temple* in *Fleet-street*, over against *Chancery-Lane-End*, 1697.

COMEDA

To the Right Honourable, Charles *Lord* Clifford, *of* Lanesborough, *&c.*

My Lord,

IT is with a great deal of Pleasure, that I lay hold on this first Occasion, which, the Accidents of my Life have given me of writing to your Lordship: For since at the same time, I write to all the World, it will be a means of publishing (what I would have every Body know) the Respect and Duty which I owe and pay to you. I have so much Inclination to be yours, that I need no other Engagement: But the particular Ties, by which I am bound to your Lordship and Family, have put it out of my power to make you any Complement; since all Offers of my self, will amount to no more than an honest Acknowledgment, and only shew a willingness in me to be grateful.

I am very near wishing, That it were not so much my Interest to be your Lordship's Servant, that it might be more my Merit; not that I would avoid being obliged to you, but I would have my own Choice to run me into the Debt; that I might have it to boast, I had distinguished a Man, to whom I would be glad to be obliged, even without the hopes of having it in my Power, ever to make him a return.

It is impossible for me to come near your Lordship, in any kind, and not to receive some Favour; and while in appearance I am only making an Acknowledgment (with the usual under-hand dealing of the World) I am at the same time, insinuating my own Interest. I cannot give your Lordship your due, without tacking a Bill of my own Privileges. 'Tis true, if a Man never committed a Folly, he would never stand in need of a Protection: But then Power would have nothing to do, and good Nature no occasion to shew it self; and where those Vertues are, 'tis pity they should want Objects to shine upon. I must confess this is no reason, why a Man should do an idle thing, nor indeed any good Excuse for it, when done; yet it reconciles the uses of such Authority and Goodness, to the necessities of our Follies; and is a sort of Poetical Logick,

which, at this time I would make uſe of, to argue your Lordſhip into a Protection of this Play. It is the firſt Offence I have committed in this kind, or indeed, in any kind of Poetry, tho' not the firſt made publick; and, therefore, I hope will the more eaſily be pardoned: But had it been Acted, when it was firſt written, more might have been ſaid in its behalf; Ignorance of the Town and Stage, would then have been Excuſes in a young Writer, which now, almoſt four Years experience, will ſcarce allow of. Yet I muſt declare my ſelf ſenſible of the good Nature of the Town, in receiving this Play ſo kindly, with all its Faults, which I muſt own were, for the moſt part, very induſtriouſly covered by the care of the Players; for, I think, ſcarce a Character but receiv'd all the Advantage it would admit of, from the juſtneſs of the Action.

As for the Criticks, my Lord, I have nothing to ſay, to, or againſt any of them of any kind; from thoſe who make juſt Exceptions, to thoſe who find fault in the wrong place. I will only make this general Anſwer in behalf of my Play (an Anſwer, which *Epictetus* adviſes every Man to make for himſelf, to his Cenſurers) viz. *That if they who find ſome Faults in it, were as intimate with it as I am; they would find a great many more.* This is a Confeſſion, which I needed not to have made; but however, I can draw this uſe from it, to my own Advantage, that I think there are no Faults in it, but what I do know; which, as I take it, is the firſt ſtep to an amendment.

Thus I may live in hopes (ſome time or other) of making the Town amends; but you, my Lord, I never can, tho I am ever

Your Lordſhips

moſt Obedient, and

moſt Humble Servant,

Will. Congreve.

To

To Mr. CONGREVE.

When Vertue in pursuit of Fame appears,
And forward shoots the growth beyond the Years,
We timely court the rising Hero's Cause;
And on his side, the Poet wisely draws;
Bespeaking him hereafter, by Applause.
The days will come, when we shall all receive,
Returning Interest from what now we give:
Instructed, and supported by that praise,
And Reputation, which we strive to raise.
Nature so coy, so hardly to be woo'd
Flies, like a Mistriss, but to be pursu'd.
O CONGREVE! *boldly follow on the Chase;*
She looks behind, and wants thy strong Embrace:
She yields, she yields, surrenders all her Charms.
Do you but force her gently to your Arms:
Such Nerves, such Graces, in your Lines appear,
As you were made to be her Ravisher.
DRYDEN *has long extended his Command,*
By right divine, quite through the Muses Land,
Absolute Lord; and holding now from none,
But great Apollo, *his undoubted Crown:*
(That Empire settled, and grown old in Pow'r)
Can wish for nothing, but a Successor:
Not to enlarge his Limits, but maintain
Those Provinces, which he alone could gain.
His eldest Wicherly, *in wise Retreat,*
Thought it not worth his quiet to be great.
Loose, wandring, Etherege, *in wild Pleasures tost,*
And foreign Interests, to his hopes long lost:
Poor Lee *and* Otway *dead!* CONGREVE *appears,*
The Darling, and last Comfort of his Years:
May'st thou live long in thy great Masters smiles,
And growing under him, adorn these Isles:
But when — when part of him (be that but late)
His Body yielding must submit to Fate,
Leaving his deathless Works, and thee behind,
(The natural Successor of his Mind)
Then may'st thou finish what he has begun:
Heir to his Merit, be in Fame his Son.
What thou hast done, shews all is in thy Power;
And to write better, only must write more.
'Tis something to be willing to commend;
But my best praise, is, that I am your Friend,

THO. SOUTHERNE.

To Mr. CONGREVE.

THE Danger's great in theſe cenſorious days,
When Criticks are ſo riſe, to venture Praiſe:
When the infectious and ill-natur'd Brood
Behold, and damn the Work, becauſe 'tis good;
And with a proud, ungenerous Spight would try
To paſs an Oſtraciſm on Poetry.
But you, my Friend, your Worth does ſafely bear
Above their Spleen; you have no cauſe for fear;
Like a well-mettled Hawk, you took your flight
Quite out of reach, and almoſt out of ſight.
As the ſtrong Sun, in a fair Summers day,
You riſe, and drive the Miſts and Clouds away,
The Owls and Bats, and all the Birds of Prey.
Each line of yours, like poliſht Steel's ſo hard,
In Beauty ſafe, it wants no other guard.
Nature her ſelf's beholden to your Dreſs,
Which tho ſtill like, much fairer you expreſs.
Some vainly ſtriving Honour to Obtain,
Leave to their Heirs the Traffick of their Brain,
Like *China* under Ground, the ripening Ware,
In a long time, perhaps grows worth our Care:
But you now reap the Fame, ſo well you've ſown;
The Planter taſts his Fruit to ripeneſs grown.
As a fair Orange-tree at once is ſeen,
Big with what's ripe, yet ſpringing ſtill with green;
So at one time, my worthy Friend appears,
With all the ſap of Youth, and weight of Years.
Accept my pious Love, as forward Zeal,
Which tho' it ruins me I can't conceal:
Expos'd to Cenſure for my weak Applauſe,
I'm pleas'd to ſuffer in ſo juſt a Cauſe:
And tho, my Offering may unworthy prove
Take, as a Friend, the Wiſhes of my Love.

J. Marſh.

To Mr. *CONGREVE*, on his PLAY called, The *OLD BATCHELOR*.

WIT, like true Gold, refind from all Allay,
Immortal is, and never can decay:
'Tis in all Times and Languages the ſame;
Nor can an ill Tranſlation quench the Flame:
For, tho the Form and Faſhion don't remain,
Th' intrinſick value ſtill it will retain.
Then let each ſtudied Scene be writ with Art;
And Judgment ſweat to form the labour'd Part:
Each Character be juſt, and Nature ſeem;
Without th' Ingredient, Wit, 'tis all but Phlegm:
For that's the Soul, which all the Maſs muſt move,
And wake our Paſſions into Grief, or Love.
But you, too Bounteous, ſow your Wit ſo thick,
We are ſurpriz'd, and know not where to pick:
And while our Clapping does you Juſtice do,
Our ſelves we injure, and loſe ſomething new.
What mayn't we then, great Youth, of thee preſage,
Whoſe Art and Wit ſo much tranſcend thy Age?
How wilt thou ſhine at thy Meridian height?
Who, at thy riſing, giv'ſt ſo vaſt a Light.
When DRYDEN *dying, ſhall the World deceive,*
Whom we Immortal, as his Works, believe;
Thou ſhalt ſucceed, the Glory of the Stage,
Adorn and entertain the coming Age.

Bevil. Higgons.

PRO-

PROLOGUE intended for the Old Batchelour, ſent to the Author, by an unknown Hand.

MOſt Authors on the Stage at firſt appear
Like Widows-Bridegrooms, full of doubt and fear:
They Judge from the experience of the Dame,
How hard a Task it is to quench her Flame:
And who falls ſhort of furniſhing a courſe,
Up to his brawny Predeceſſors force;
With utmoſt rage from her embraces thrown,
Remains convicted, as an empty Drone.
Thus often, to his Shame, a pert Beginner
Proves in the end, a miſerable Sinner.

As for our Youngſter, I am apt to doubt him:
With all the vigour of his Youth about him:
But he, more Sanguine, truſts in one and twenty,
And impudently hopes he ſhall content you:
For tho' his Batchelour be worn and cold:
He thinks the Young may club to help the Old:
And what alone can be atchiev'd by neither,
Is often brought about by both together.
The briskeſt of you all have felt Alarms,
Finding the fair One proſtitute her Charms
With broken Sighs, in her old Fumblers Arms.
But for our Spark, he Swears he'll ne'r be Jealous
Of any Rivals, but young luſty Fellows.
Faith let him try his Chance, and if the Slave,
After his bragging prove a waſhy Knave,
May he be baniſh'd to ſome lonely Den,
And never more have leave to dip his Pen:
But if he be the Champion he pretends,
Both Sexes ſure will joyn to be his Friends;
For all agree, where all can have their ends.
And you muſt own him for a Man of Might,
If he holds out to pleaſe you the third Night.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*

HOW this vile World is chang'd! In former days,
Prologues, were ſerious Speeches, before Plays;
Grave ſolemn Things, as Graces are to Feaſts;
Where Poets begg'd a Bleſſing from their Gueſts.
But now, no more like Suppliants we come;
A Play makes War, and Prologue is the Drum:
Arm'd with keen Satyr, and with pointed Wit,
We threaten you who do for Judges ſit,
To ſave our Plays, or elſe we'll damn your Pit.
But for your Comfort, it falls out to day,
We've a young Author and his firſt born Play;
So, ſtanding only on his good Behaviour,
He's very civil, and entreats your Favour.
Not but the Man has Malice, would he ſhow it,
But on my Conſcience he's a baſhful Poet;
You think that ſtrange---no matter he'll out-grow it.
Well, I'm his Advocate---by me he prays you,
(I don't know whether I ſhall ſpeak to pleaſe you)
He prays----O bleſs me! what ſhall I do now!
Hang me if I know what he prays, or how!
And 'twas the prettieſt Prologue as he wrote it!
Well, the Deuce take me, if I han't forgot it.
O Lord, for Heavens ſake excuſe the Play,
Becauſe, you know, if it be damn'd to day,
I ſhall be hang'd for wanting what to ſay.
For my ſake then----but I'm in ſuch Confuſion,
I cannot ſtay to hear your Reſolution.

(Runs off.

Perſonæ Dramatis.

Men	By
Heartwell, a ſurly old Batchelour, pretending to ſlight Women; ſecretly in Love with *Silvia*,	*Mr.* Betterton.
Bellmour, in Love with *Belinda*,	*Mr.* Powel.
Vainlove, capricious in his Love; in Love with *Araminta*,	*Mr.* Williams.
Sharper,	*Mr.* Alexander.
Sir Joſeph Wittol,	*Mr.* Bowen.
Capt. Bluffe,	*Mr.* Haines.
Fondlewife, a Banker,	*Mr.* Dogget.
Setter, a Pimp,	*Mr.* Underhill.
Servant to *Fondlewife*.	

Women,

Araminta, in Love with *Vainlove*,	*Mrs.* Bracegirdle.
Belinda, her Couſin, an affected Lady, in Love with *Bellmour*,	*Mrs.* Mountfort.
Lætitia, Wife to *Fondlewife*,	*Mrs.* Barry.
Sylvia, *Vainlove*'s forſaken Miſtriſs,	*Mrs.* Bowman.
Lucy, her Maid,	*Mrs.* Leigh.
Betty.	

Footmen.

The Scene, *LONDON*.

THE
Old Batchelour.

ACT I. SCENE I. The Street.

Bellmour *and* Vainlove *meeting.*

Bell. VVainlove, and abroad ſo early! good Morrow, I thought a Contemplative Lover could no more have parted with his Bed in a Morning, than h' could have ſlept in't.

Vain. Bellmour, good Morrow — Why truth on't is, theſe early Sallies are not uſual to me; but Buſineſs as you ſee, Sir—(*Shewing Letters.* And Buſineſs muſt be follow'd, or be loſt.

Bell. Pox o' Buſineſs — And ſo muſt Time, my Friend, be cloſe purſued, or loſt. Buſineſs is the rub of Life, perverts our Aim, caſts off the Bias, and leaves us wide and ſhort of the intended Mark.

Vain. Pleaſure, I gueſs you mean.

Bell. Ay, what elſe has meaning?

Vain. Oh the VViſe will tell you ——

Bell. More than they believe——— Or underſtand.

Vain. How, how, *Ned*, a wiſe Man ſay more than he underſtands?

Bell. Ay, ay, pox Wiſdom's nothing but a pretending to know and believe more than we really do. You read of but one wiſe Man, and all that he knew was, that he knew nothing. Come, come, leave Buſineſs to Idlers, and Wiſdom to Fools; they have need of 'em: Wit, be my Faculty; and Pleaſure, my Occupation; and let Father Time ſhake his Glaſs. Let low and earthly Souls grovel till they have work'd themſelves ſix foot deep into a Grave——Buſineſs is not my Element—— I rowl in a higher Orb and dwell———

Vain. In Caſtles ith' Air of thy own building: That's thy Element, *Ned*——Well as high a Flyer as you are, I have a Lure may make you ſtoop. (*Flings a Letter.*

Bell. I marry Sir, I have a Hawks Eye at a Womans hand —— There's

more Elegancy in the falſe Spelling of this Superſcription than in all *Cicero*——Let me ſee——How now! Dear perfidious *Vainlove*. *Takes up the Letter, (Reads.*

Vain. Hold, hold, 'ſlife that's the wrong.

Bell. Nay let's ſee the Name (*Sylvia!*) how can'ſt thou be ungrateful to that Creature? She's extreamly pretty and loves thee intirely——I have heard her breath ſuch Raptures about thee——

Vain. Ay, or any Body that ſhe's about——

Bell. No faith *Frank* you wrong her; ſhe has been juſt to you.

Vain. that's pleaſant, by my troth from thee, who haſt enjoy'd her.

Bell. Never——Her Affections, 'tis true by Heaven, ſhe own'd it to my Face; and bluſhing like the Virgin Morn when it diſcloſed the Cheat, which, that truſty Bawd of Nature, Night, had hid, confeſs'd her Soul was true to you; tho I by treachery had ſtoll'n the Bliſs——

Vain. So was true as Turtle——in imagination *Ned*, ha? Preach this Doctrine to Husbands, and the married Women will adore thee.

Bell. Why faith I think it will do well enough——If the Husbands be out of the way, for the Wife to ſhew her Fondneſs and Impatience of his Abſence, by chooſing a Lover as like him as ſhe can, and what is unlike ſhe may help out with her own Fancy.

Vain. But is it not an Abuſe to the Lover to be made a Blind of? For ſhe only ſtalks under him to take aim at her Husband.

Bell. As you ſay the Abuſe is to the Lover, not the Husband: For 'tis an Argument of her great Zeal towards him, that ſhe will enjoy him in Effigie.

Vain. It muſt be a very ſuperſtitious Country, where ſuch Zeal paſſes for true Devotion. I doubt it will be damn'd by all our Proteſtant Husbands for flat Idolatry——But if you can make Alderman *Fondlewife* of your Perſwaſion, this Letter will be needleſs.

Bell. What, the old Banker with the handſom Wife?

Vain. Ay.

Bell. Let me ſee, *Latitia*! Oh 'tis a delicious Morſel. Dear *Frank* thou art the trueſt Friend in the World.

Vain. Ay, am I not? To be continually ſtarting of Hares for you to courſe. We were certainly cut out for one another? for my Temper quits an Amour, juſt where thine takes it up—— But read that, it is an Appointment for me, this Evening; when *Fondlewife* will be gone out of Town, to meet the Maſter of a Ship about the return of a Venture which he's in danger of loſing. Read, read.

Bell. Reads. Hum, Hum—— *Out of Town this Evening, and talks of ſending for Mr.* Spintext *to keep me Company; but I'll take care, he ſhall not be at home.* Good! *Spintext!* Oh the Fanatick one-ey'd Parſon!

Vain. Ay.

Bell. Reads. Hum, Hum—— *That your Converſation will be much more agreeable, if you can counterfeit his Habit to blind the Servants.* Very good! Then

Then I must be disguised —— With all my Heart —— It adds a Gusto to an Amour; gives it the greater resemblance of Theft; and among us lewd Mortals, the deeper the Sin the sweeter. *Frank* I'm amaz'd at thy good Nature ——

Vain. Faith I hate Love when 'tis forced upon a Man, as I do Wine— And this Business is none of my seeking; I only hapned to be once or twice, where *Latitia* was the handsomest Woman in Company, so consequently apply'd my self to her—And it seems she has taken me at my word—Had you been there or any Body 't had been the same.

Bell. I wish I may succeed as the same.

Vain. Never doubt it; for if the Spirit of Cuckoldom be once raised up in a Woman, the Devil cant't lay it, till she has don't.

Bell. Prithee, what sort of Fellow is *Fondlewife?*

Vain. A kind of Mongrel Zealot, sometimes very precise and peevish: But I have seen him pleasant enough in his way; much addicted to Jealousie, but more to Fondness: So that as he is often Jealous without a Cause, he's as often satisfied without Reason.

Bell. A very even Temper and fit for my purpose. I must get your Man *Setter* to provide my Disguise.

Vain. Ay, you may take him for good and all if you will, for you have made him fit for no body else—Well—

Bell. You're going to visit in return of *Sylvia*'s Letter——Poor Rogue. Any hour of the day or night will serve her——But do you know nothing of a new Rival there?

Vain. Yes, *Heartwell*, that surly, old, pretended Woman-hater thinks her Vertuous; that's one reason why I fail her: I would have her fret her self out of conceit with me, that she may entertain some Thoughts of him. I know he visits her ev'ry day.

Bell. Yet rails on still, and thinks his Love unknown to us; a little time will swell him so, he must be forc'd to give it birth, and the discovery must needs be very pleasant from himself, to see what pains he will take, and how he will strain to be deliver'd of a Secret, when he has miscarried on't already.

Vain. Well, good Morrow, let's dine together, I'll meet at the old place.

Bell. With all my Heart, it lies convenient for us to pay our Afternoon Service to our Mistresses; I find I am damnably in Love, I'm so uneasie for not seeing *Belinda* yesterday.

Vain. But I saw my *Araminta*, yet am as impatient. (*Exit.*

Bell. Why what a Cormorant in Love am I! who not contented with the slavery of honourable Love in one place, and the pleasure of enjoying some half a score Mistresses of my own acquiring; must yet take *Vainlove*'s Business upon my hands, because it lay too heavy upon his; So am not only forc'd to lie with other Mens Wives for 'em, but must also undertake the harder Task of obliging their Mistresses —— I must take up, or I shall never hold out; Flesh and Blood cannot bear it always.

Enter

Enter Sharper.

Sharp. I'm ſorry to ſee this, *Ned*: Once a Man comes to his Soliloquys I give him for gone.

Bell. Sharper, I'm glad to ſee thee.

Sharp. What, is *Belinda* cruel, that you are ſo thoughtful?

Bell. No faith, not for that——But there's a Buſineſs of Conſequence fall'n out to day that requires ſome Conſideration.

Sharp. Prithee what mighty Buſineſs of Conſequence canſt thou have?

Bell. Why you muſt know, 'tis a piece of Work toward the finiſhing of an Alderman; it ſeems I muſt put the laſt hand to it, and dub him Cuckold, that he may be of equal Dignity with the reſt of his Brethren, So I muſt beg *Belinda*'s Pardon—

Sharp. Faith e'en give her over for good-and-all; you can have no hopes of getting her for a Miſtriſs, and ſhe is too proud, too inconſtant, too affected and too witty, and too handſome for a Wife.

Bell. But ſhe can't have too much Money—There's twelve thouſand pound *Tom.*— 'Tis true ſhe is exceſſively foppiſh and affected, but in my Conſcience I believe the Baggage loves me, for ſhe never ſpeaks well of me her ſelf, nor ſuffers any body elſe to rail at me. Then as I told you there's twelve thouſand Pound—Hum—Why faith upon ſecond Thoughts, ſhe does not appear to be ſo very affected neither—Give her her due, I think the Woman's a Woman, and that's all. As ſuch I'm ſure I ſhall like her; for the Devil take me if I don't love all the Sex.

Sharp. And here comes one who ſwears as heartily he hates all the Sex.

Enter Heartwell.

Bell. Who *Heartwell!* Ay, but he knows better things —— How now *George*, where haſt thou been ſnarling odious Truths, and entertaining Company like a Phyſician, with diſcourſe of their diſeaſes and infirmities? What fine Lady haſt thou been putting out of conceit with her ſelf, and perſwading that the face ſhe had been making all the morning was none of her own? for I know thou art as unmannerly and as unwelcome to a Woman, as a Looking-glaſs after the Small-pox.

Heart. I confeſs I have not been ſneering fulſom Lyes and nauſeous Flattery, fawning upon a little tawdry Whore, that will fawn upon me again, and entertain any Puppy that comes; like a Tumbler with the ſame tricks over and over. For ſuch I gueſs may have been your late employment.

Bell. Would thou hadſt come a little ſooner, *Vainlove* would have wrought thy Converſion, and been a Champion for the Cauſe.

Heart. What, has he been here? that's one of Loves *April*-fools, is always upon ſome Errand that's to no purpoſe, ever embarking in Adventures, yet never comes to harbour.

Sharp. That's becauſe he always ſets out in foul Weather, loves to buffet with the Winds, meet the Tide and ſail in the teeth of oppoſition.

Heart. What has he not dropt Anchor at *Araminta?*

Bell. Truth

Bell. Truth on't is she fits his temper best, is a kind of floating Island; sometimes seems in reach, then vanishes and keeps him busied in the search.

Sharp. She had need have a good share of sense to manage so *Capricious* a Lover.

Bell. Faith I don't know, he's of a temper the most easie to himself in the World; he takes as much always of an Amour as he cares for, and quits it when it grows stale or unpleasant.

Sharp. An argument of very little Passion, very good Understanding, and very ill Nature.

Heart. And proves that *Vainlove* plays the Fool with Discretion.

Sharp. You *Bellmour* are bound in gratitude to stickle for him; you with pleasure reap that fruit, which he takes pains to sow: he does the drudgery in the Mine, and you stamp your image on the Gold.

Bell. He's of another opinion, and says I do the drudgery in the Mine; well, we have each our share of sport, and each that which he likes best; 'tis his diversion to Set, 'tis mine to Cover the Partridge.

Heart. And it should be mine to let 'em go again.

Sharp. Not till you had Mouth'd a little *George*, I think that's all thou art fit for now.

Heart. Good Mr. Young-fellow, you're mistaken; as able as your self, and as nimble too, tho I mayn't have so much Mercury in my Limbs; 'tis true indeed, I don't force Appetite, but wait the natural call of my Lust, and think it time enough to be lewd, after I have had the temptation.

Bell. Time enough, ay too soon, I should rather have expected, from a person of your gravity.

Heart. Yet it is oftentimes too late with some of you young, tarmagant flashy sinners — you have all the guilt of the intention, and none of the pleasure of the practice — 'tis true you are so eager in pursuit of the temptation, that you save the Devil the trouble of leading you into it: Nor is it out of discretion, that you don't swallow that very Hook your selves have baited, but you are cloy'd with the preparative, and what you mean for a Whet, turns the edge of your puny Stomachs. Your love is like your courage, which you shew for the first year or two upon all occasions; till in a little time, being disabled or disarm'd, you abate of your vigour; and that daring Blade which was so often drawn, is bound to the Peace for ever after.

Bell. Thou art an old Fornicator of a singular good principle indeed! and art for encouraging Youth, that they may be as wicked as thou art at thy years.

Heart. I am for having every body be what they pretend to be; a Whoremaster be a Whoremaster; and not like *Vainlove*, kiss a Lap Dog with passion, when it would disgust him from the Ladies own Lips.

Bell. That only happens sometimes, where the Dog has the sweeter Breath, for the more cleanly conveyance. But *George*, you must not quarrel with little Gallantries of this nature: Women are often won by 'em.

Who

who would refuse to kiss a Lap Dog, if it were preliminary to the Lips of his Lady?

Sharp. Or omit playing with her Fan, and cooling her if she were hot, when it might intitle him to the office of warming her when she should be cold?

Bell. What is it to read a Play in a rainy day, when it may be the means of getting into a fair Ladies Books? Though you should be now and then interrupted in a witty Scene, and she perhaps preserve her laughter, till the Jest were over; even this may be born with, considering the reward in prospect.

Heart. I confess you that are Womens Asses bear greater burdens, are forced to undergo Dressing, Dancing, Singing, Sighing, Whining, Rhyming, Flattering, Lying, Grinning, Cringing, and the drudgery of loving to boot.

Bell. O Brute, the drudgery of Loving!

Heart. Ay, why to come to Love through all these incumbrances is like coming to an Estate overcharg'd with Debts, which by the time you have pay'd, yields no further profit than what the bare tillage and manuring of the Land will produce at the expence of your own Sweat.

Bell. Prithee how dost thou love?

Sharp. He! he hates the Sex.

Heart. So I hate physick too —— yet I may love to take it for my Health.

Bell. Well come off, *George*, if at any time you should be taken straying.

Sharp. He has need of such an excuse, considering the present state of his Body.

Heart. How d'ye mean?

Sharp. Why if whoring be purging (as you call it) then I may say Marriage is entering into a course of Physick.

Bell. How, *George*, does the Wind blow there?

Heart. It will as soon blow North and by South—marry quotha! I hope in Heaven I have a greater portion of Grace, and I think I have baited too many of those Traps, to be caught in one my self.

Bell. Who the Devil would have thee? unless 'twere an Oyster-woman, to propagate young Fry for *Billingsgate* ——thy Talent will never recommend thee to any thing of better quality.

Heart. My Talent is chiefly that of speaking truth, which I don't expect should ever recommend me to People of Quality — I thank Heaven, I have very honestly purchas'd the hatred of all the great Families in Town.

Sharp. And you in return of Spleen hate them: But could you hope to be receiv'd into the Alliance of a noble Family ——

Heart. No, I hope I shall never merit that affliction —— to be punish'd with a Wife of Birth—be a Stag of the first Head and bear my Horns aloft, like one of the Supporters of my Wives Coat. S'death I would not be a Cuckold to e're an illustrious Whore in *England*.

Bell.

Bell. What not to make your Family Man! and provide for your Children?

Sharp. For her Children you mean.

Heart. Ay there you've nick't it——there's the Devil upon Devil——Oh the Pride and Joy of Heart 'twould be to me, to have my Son and Heir reſemble ſuch a Duke——to have a fleering Coxcomb ſcoff and cry, Mr. your Son's mighty like his Grace, has juſt his ſmile and air of's Face. Then replies another——methings he has more of the Marqueſs of ſuch a place, about his Noſe and Eyes; though h' has my Lord what d'ee-calls Mouth to a Tittle — Then I to put it off as unconcern'd, come chuck the Infant under the chin, force a ſmile and cry, ay, the Boy takes after his Mothers relations——when the Devil and ſhe knows, 'tis a little Compound of the whole Body of Nobility.

Bell. }
Sharp. } Ha, ha, ha.

Bell. Well but *George* I have one Queſtion to ask you——

Heart. Pox I have pratled away my time—— I hope you are in no haſte for an Anſwer——for I ſhan't ſtay now. (*Looking on his watch.*

Bell. Nay prithee *George*——

Heart. No, beſides my buſineſs, I ſee a Fool coming this way. Adieu. (*Exit.*

Bell. What does he mean? Oh here he comes, ſtand cloſe, let 'em paſs.

Sir *Joſeph Wittoll* and Capt *Bluffe* croſs the Stage.

Sharp. What in the name of wonder is it?

Bell. Why a Fool.

Sharp. 'Tis a tawdry Outſide.

Bell. And a very beggarly Lining—yet he may be worth your acquaintance—a little of thy Chymiſtry *Tom*, may extract Gold from that Dirt.

Sharp. Say you ſo? 'faith I am as poor as a Chymiſt, and would be as induſtrious. But what was he that followed him? is not he a Dragon that watches thoſe Golden Pippins?

Bell. Hang him, no, he a Dragon! if he be 'tis a very peaceful one, I can enſure his Anger dormant; or ſhould he ſeem to rouſe, 'tis but well laſhing him, and he will ſleep like a Top.

Sharp. Ay, is he of that kidney?

Bell. Yet is ador'd by that Biggot Sr. *Joſeph Wittoll*, as the image of Valour: He calls him his Back, and indeed they are never aſunder—— yet laſt night, I know not by what miſchance, the Knight was alone, and had fallen into the hands of ſome Night-walkers, who I ſuppoſe would have pillaged him: But I chanc'd to come by and reſcued him, though I believe he was heartily frightned, for as ſoon as ever he was looſe, he ran away, without ſtaying to ſee who help'd him,

Sharp. Is that Bully of his in the Army?

Bell. No, but is a pretender, and wears the habit of a Soldier, which now a' days as often cloaks Cowardice, as a black Gown does Atheiſm——You

muſt know he has been abroad —— went purely to run away from a Campagne; enrich'd himſelf with the plunder of a few Oaths; ——and here vents 'em againſt the General, who ſlighting men of merit, and preferring only thoſe of intereſt, has made him quit the Service.

Sharp. Wherein no doubt he magnifies his own performance.

Bell. Speaks miracles, is the Drum to his own praiſe——the only implement of a Soldier he reſembles, like that, being full of bluſtring noiſe and emptineſs———

Sharp. And like that, of no uſe but to be beaten.

Bell. Right, but then the Compariſon breaks, for he will take a drubbing with as little noiſe as a Pulpit Cuſhion.

Sharp. His name, and I have done.

Bell. Why that, to paſs it current too, he has gilded with a Title; he is call'd, Capt. *Bluffe.*

Sharp. VVell, I'll endeavour his acquaintance—you ſteer another Courſe, are bound,

For Love's Iſland: I, for the Golden Coaſt,
May each ſucceed in what he wiſhes moſt. Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Sir Joſeph Wittoll, Sharper *following.*

Sharp. SUre that's he, and alone.

Sir *Jo.* Um—Ay this, this is the very damn'd place; the inhumane Cannibals, the bloody-minded Villains would have Butcher'd me laſt night: No doubt, they would have flea'd me alive, have ſold my Skin, and devour'd my Members.

Sharp. How's this!

Sir *Jo.* An it hadn't been for a civil Gentleman as came by and frightned 'em away—but agad I durſt not ſtay to give him thanks.

Sharp, This muſt be *Bellmour* he means — ha! I have a thought——

Sir *Jo.* Zooks, would the Captain would come; the very remembrance makes me quake; agad I ſhall never be reconciled to this place heartily.

Sharp. 'Tis But trying, and being where I am at worſt, now luck!——curs'd fortune! this muſt be the place, this damn'd unlucky place——

Sir *Jo.* Agad and ſo 'tis——why here has been more miſchief done I perceive.

Sharp. No, 'tis gone, 'tis loſt — ten thouſand Devils on that chance which drew me hither; ay here, juſt here, this ſpot to me is Hell; nothing to be found, but the deſpair of what I've loſt.

(*Looking about as in ſearch.*

Sir *Jo.*

Sir *Jo.* Poor Gentleman—by the Lord *Harry* I'll ſtay no longer, for I have found too—

Sharp. Ha! who's that has found? what have you found? reſtore it quickly, or by ——

Sir *Jo.* Not I Sir, not I, as I've a Soul to be ſav'd, I have found nothing but what has been to my loſs, as I may ſay, and as you were ſaying, Sir.

Sharp. O your Servant, Sir, you are ſafe then it ſeems; 'tis an ill Wind that blows no body good: Well, you may rejoyce over my ill fortune, ſince it pay'd the price of your ranſome.

Sir *Jo.* I rejoyce! agad not I, Sir; I'm very ſorry for your loſs, with all my Heart, Blood and Guts, Sir; and if you did but know me, you'd nere ſay I were ſo ill natur'd.

Sharp. Know you; why can you be ſo ungrateful, to forget me!

Sir *Jo.* O Lord forget him! No, no Sir I don't forget you—becauſe I never ſaw your face before, agad. Ha, ha, ha.

Sharp. How! (*Angrily.*

Sir *Jo.* Stay, ſtay Sir, let me recollect—he's a damn'd angry Fellow—I believe I had better remember him, till I can get out of his ſight; but out o' ſight out o' mind agad. (*Aſide.*

Sharp. Methought the Service I did you laſt night, Sir, in preſerving you from thoſe Ruffians, might have taken better root in your ſhallow memory.

Sir *Jo.* Gads-Daggers-Belts-Blades and Scabbards, this is the very Gentleman! how ſhall I make him a return ſuitable to the greatneſs of his merit—I had a pretty thing to that purpoſe, if he han't frighted it out of my memory. Hem! hem! Sir, I muſt ſubmiſſively implore your pardon for my tranſgreſſion of ingratitude and omiſſion; having my intire dependance, Sir, upon the ſuperfluity of your goodneſs, which, like an innundation will, I hope, totally immerge the recollection of my error, and leave me floating in your ſight, upon the full blown Bladders of repentance—by the help of which, I ſhall once more hope to ſwim into your favour. (*Bows.*

Sharp. So—h, O Sir I am eaſily pacify'd, the acknowledgment of a Gentleman—

Sir *Jo.* Acknowledgment! Sir I am all over acknowledgment, and will not ſtick to ſhew it in the greateſt extremity, by night, or by day, in ſickneſs, or in health, winter, or ſummer, all ſeaſons and occaſions ſhall teſtify the reality and gratitude of your ſuperabundant humble Servant Sir *Joſeph Wittoll* Knight. Hem! hem!

Sharp. Sir *Joſeph Wittoll.*

Sir *Jo.* The ſame Sir, of *Wittoll hall* in *Comitatu Bucks.*

Sharp. Is it poſſible! Then I am happy to have obliged the Mirrour of Knighthood and Pink of Courteſie in the Age, let me embrace you.

Sir *Jo.* O Lord Sir!

Sharp. My loſs, I eſteem as a trifle repay'd with intereſt, ſince it has purchas'd me the friendſhip and acquaintance of the perſon in the World, whoſe Character I admire.

Sir *Jo.* You are only pleas'd to say so, Sir——But pray if I may be so bold, what is that loss you mention?

Sharp. O term it no longer so, Sir. In the Scuffle last Night I only dropt a Bill of a hundred Pound, which I confess, I came half despairing to recover; but thanks to my better Fortune——

Sir *Jo.* You have found it Sir then it seems; I profess I'm heartily glad——

Sharp. Sir your humble Servant——I don't question but you are; that you have so cheap an opportunity of expressing your gratitude and generosity. Since the refunding so trivial a Sum, will wholly acquit you and doubly engage me.

Sir *Jo.* What a dickens does he mean by a trival Sum (*aside.*) But han't you found it, Sir!

Sharp. No otherwise I vow to Gad but in my hopes in you, Sir.

Sir *Jo.* Humh.

Sharp. But that's sufficient——'Twere injustice to doubt the honour of Sir *Jo. Wittol.*

Sir *Jo.* O Lord Sir.

Sharp. You are above (I'm sure) a thought so low, to suffer me to lose what was ventur'd in your service; Nay 'twas in a manner—Paid down for your deliverance; 'twas so much lent you—And you scorn, I'll say that for you——

Sir *Jo.* Nay I'll say that for my self (with your leave Sir) I do scorn a dirty thing. But agad I'm a little out of pocket at present.

Sharp. Pshaw you can't want a hundred Pound. Your Word is sufficient any where: 'Tis but borrowing so much dirt, you have large Acres and can soon repay it—Mony is but Dirt Sir *Joseph*—Meer Dirt.

Sir *Jo.* But I profess, 'tis a Dirt I have washed my hands of at present; I have laid it all out upon my Back.

Sharp. Are you so extravagant in Cloaths Sir *Joseph?*

Sir *Jo.* Ha, ha, ha, a very good Jest I profess, ha, ha, ha, a very good Jest, and I did not know that I had said it, and that's a better Jest than t'other. 'Tis a sign you and I ha'n't been long acquainted; you have lost a good Jest for want of knowing me——I only mean a Friend of mine whom I call my Back; he sticks as close to me, and follows me through all dangers——he is indeed Back, Breast and Headpiece as it were to me—agad he's a brave Fellow—— Pauh, I am quite another thing, when I am with him: I don't fear the Devil (God bless us) almost if he be by. Ah——had he been with me last night——

Sharp. If he had Sir, what then? he could have done no more, nor perhaps have suffer'd so much—— had he a hundred Pound to lose? (*Angrily.*

Sir *Jo.* O Lord Sir by no means (but I might have sav'd a hundred Pound) I meant innocently as I hope to be sav'd Sir (a damn'd hot Fellow) only as I was saying, I let him have all my ready Money to redeem his great Sword from Limbo—— But Sir I have a Letter of Credit to Alderman

derman *Fondlewife*, as far as two hundred Pound, and this Afternoon you ſhall ſee I am a Perſon, ſuch a one as you would wiſh to have met with.

Sharp. That you are I'll be ſworn (*aſide.*) Why that's great and like your ſelf.

Enter Bluffe.

Sir *Jo.* O here a' comes——Ay my Hector of *Troy*, welcome my Bully, my Back; agad my heart has gone apit pat for thee.

Bluff. How now, my young Knight? Not for fear I hope; he that knows me muſt be aſtranger to fear.

Sir *Jo.* Nay agad I hate fear ever ſince I had like to have dy'd of a fright-But——

Bluff. But? Look you here Boy, here's your antidote, here's your Jeſuites Powder for a ſhaking fit—— But who haſt thou got with thee, is he of mettle? (*Laying his Hand upon his Sword,*

Sir *Jo.* Ay Bully, a Deviliſh ſmart Fellow, 'a will fight like a Cock.

Bluff. Say you ſo? then I honour him——But has he been abroad? for every Cock will fight upon his own Dunghil.

Sir *Jo.* I don't know, but I'll preſent you——

Bluff. I'll recommend my ſelf——Sir I honour you; I underſtand you love Fighting, I reverence a man that loves Fighting, Sir I Kiſs your Hilts.

Sharp. Sir your Servant, but you are miſinform'd, for unleſs it be to ſerve my particular Friend, as Sir *Joſeph* here, my Country, or my Religion, or in ſome very Juſtifiable Cauſe, I'm not for it.

Bluff. O Lord I beg your pardon Sir, I find you are not of my Pallat, you can't reliſh a Diſh of Fighting without Sweet Sawce. Now I think—— Fighting, for Fighting ſake's ſufficient Cauſe; Fighting, to me's Religion and the Laws.

Sir *So.* Ah, well ſaid my *Hero*; was not that great Sir? by the Lord *Harry* he ſays true; Fighting, is Meat, Drink and Cloth to him. But Back, this Gentleman is one of the beſt Friends I have in the World and ſaved my Life laſt Night——You know I told you.

Bluffe. Ay! Then I honour him again—Sir may I crave your name?

Sharp. Ay Sir, my name's *Sharper.*

Sir *Jo.* Pray Mr. *Sharper* Embrace my Back—very well—by the Lord *Harry* Mr. *Sharper* he's as brave a Fellow as Cannibal, are not you Bully—Back?

Sharp. Hannibal I believe you mean Sir *Joſeph.*

Bluff. Undoubtedly he did Sir; faith *Hannibal* was a very pretty Fellow——but Sir *Joſeph*, compariſons are odious——*Hannibal* was a very pretty Fellow in thoſe Days, it muſt be granted——but Alas Sir! were he alive now, he would be nothing, Nothing in the Earth.

Sharp. How Sir! I make a doubt, if there be at this Day a greater General breathing.

Bluff. Oh excuſe me Sir; have you ſerv'd abroad, Sir?

Sharp. Not I really, Sir. *Bluff.* Oh

Bluff. Oh I thought ſo—Why then you can know nothing Sir: I'am afraid you ſcarce know the Hiſtory of the Late War in *Flanders*, with all its particulars.

Sharp. Not I, Sir, no more than publick Letters, or *Gazette*'s tell us.

Bluff. Gazette! Why there again now—Why, Sir, there are not three words of Truth, the Year round, put into the Gazette——I'll tell you a ſtrange thing now as to that—— You muſt know, Sir, I was reſident in *Flanders* the laſt Campagn, had a ſmall Poſt there; but no matter for that—Perhaps, Sir, there was ſcarce any thing of moment done but an humble Servant of yours, that ſhall be nameleſs, was an Eye witneſs of—I won't ſay had the greateſt ſhare in't. Tho I might ſay that too, ſince I name no Body you know——Well, Mr. *Sharper*, would you think it? In all this time—as I hope for a Truncheon—this raſcally Gazette-writer never ſo much as once mention'd me—Not once by the Wars—Took no more notice, than as if *Nol. Bluffe* had not been in the Land of the Living.

Sharp. Strange!

Sir *Jo.* Yet by the Lord *Harry* 'tis true Mr. *Sharper*, for I went every day to Coffee-houſes to read the Gazette my ſelf.

Bluff. Ay ay, no matter——You ſee Mr. *Sharper* after all I am content to retire—— Live a private Perſon—— *Scipio* and others have done it.

Sharp. Impudent Rogue. (*aſide.*

Sir *Jo.* Ay, this damn'd Modeſty of yours—— Agad if he would put in for't he might be made General himſelf yet.

Bluff. Oh fy, no Sir *Joſeph*—— You know I hate this.

Sir *Jo.* Let me but tell Mr. *Sharper* a little, how you eat fire once out of the mouth of a Cannon—agad he did; thoſe impenetrable Whiskers of his have confronted Flames——

Bluff. Death, what do you mean Sir *Joſeph?*

Sir *Jo.* Look you now, I tell you he's ſo modeſt he'l own nothing.

Bluff. Piſh you have put me out, I have forgot what I was about. Pray hold your Tongue, and give me leave. (*Angrily.*

Sir *Jo.* I am dumb.

Bluff. This Sword I think I was telling you of Mr. *Sharper*—— This Sword I'll maintain to be the beſt Divine, Anatomiſt, Lawyer or Caſuiſt in *Europe*; it ſhall decide a Controverſie or ſplit a Cauſe——

Sir *Jo.* Nay, now I muſt ſpeak; it will ſplit a Hair, by the Lord *Harry*, I have ſeen it.

Bluff. Zouns Sir, it's a Lye, you have not ſeen it, nor ſhan't ſee it; Sir I ſay you can't ſee; what do'e ſay to that now?

Sir *Jo.* I am blind.

Bluff. Death, had any other Man interrupted me——

Sir *Jo.* Good Mr. *Sharper* ſpeak to him; I dare not look that way.

Sharp. Captain, Sir *Joſeph*'s penitent.

Bluff. O I am calm Sir, calm as a diſcharged Culverin—— But 'twas indiſcreet

discreet, when you know what will provoke me—Nay come Sir *Joseph*, you know my Heat's soon over.

Sir *Jo.* VVell I am a Fool sometimes—But I'm sorry.

Bluff. Enough,

Sir *Jo.* Come we'll go take a Glass to drown Animosities. Mr. *Sharper* will you partake?

Sharp. I wait on you Sir; nay pray Captain——You are Sir *Joseph's* Back. *(Exeunt.*

SCENE *Changes to Lodgings.*

Enter Araminta, Belinda.

Belin. ah! nay Dear—prithee good, dear sweet Cousin no more, Oh Gad, I swear you'd make one sick to hear you.

Aram. Bless me! what have I said to move you thus.

Belin. Oh you have raved, talked idly, and all in Commendation of that filthy, awkard, two-leg'd Creature, Man—you don't know what you said, your Fever has transported you.

Aram. If Love be the Fever which you mean; kind Heav'n avert the cure: Let me have Oil to feed that Flame and never let it be extinct, till I my self am Ashes.

Belin. There was a VVhine—O Gad I hate your horrid Fancy——This Love is the Devil, and sure to be in Love is to be possess'd——Tis in the Head, the Heart, the Blood, the——All over——O Gad you are quite spoil'd——I shall loath the sight of Mankind for your sake.

Aram. Fie, this is gross Affectation——A little of *Bellmour's* Company would change the Scene.

Belin. Filthy Fellow! I wonder Cousin——

Aram. I wonder Cousin you should imagine, I don't perceive you love him.

Belin. Oh I love your hideous Fancy! Ha, ha, ha, love a Man!

Aram. Love a Man! yes, you would not love a Beast.

Belin. Of all Beasts not an Ass——Which is so like your *Vainlove*——Lard I have seen an Ass look so Chagrin, Ha, ha, ha, (you must pardon me I can't help Laughing) that an absolute Lover would have concluded the poor Creature to have had Darts, and Flames, and Altars, and all that in his Breast. *Araminta*, come I'll talk seriously to you now; could you but see with my Eyes, the buffoonry of one Scene of Address, a Lover, set out with all his Equipage and Appurtenances; O Gad! sure you would—But you play the Game, and consequently can't see the Miscarriages obvious to every stander by.

Aram. Yes, yes, I can see something near it when you and *Bellmour* meet. You don't know that you dreamt of *Bellmour* last Night, and call'd him aloud in your sleep.

Belin. Pish

Belind. Piſh, I can't help dreaming of the Devil ſometimes; would you from thence infer I love him?

Aram. But that's not all; you caught me in your Arms when you named him, and preſs'd me to your Boſom —— Sure if I had not pinch'd you till you wak'd you had ſtifled me with Kiſſes.

Belind. O barbarous Aſperſion!

Aram. No Aſperſion, Couſin, we are alone —— Nay, I can tell you more.

Belin. I deny it all.

Aram. What before you hear it?

Belin. My Denyal is premeditated like your Malice —— Lard, Couſin, you talk odly —— What ever the Matter is, O my Sol, I'm afraid you'll follow evil Courſes.

Aram. Ha, ha, ha, this is pleaſant.

Belin. You may laugh, but ——

Aram. Ha, ha, ha.

Belin. You think the malicious Grinn becomes you —— The Devil take *Bellmour* —— Why do you tell me of him?

Aram. Oh is it come out —— now you are angry; I am ſure you love him. I tell no body elſe Couſin —— I have not betrayed you yet.

Belin. Prithee tell it all the world, it's falſe. *Betty.* (*Calls.*

Aram. Come then, Kiſs and Friends.

Belin. Piſh.

Aram. Prithee don't be ſo Peeviſh.

Belin. Prithee don't be ſo Impertinent.

Aram. Ha, ha, ha.

Enter Betty.

Betty. Did your Ladyſhip call, Madam?

Belin. Get my Hoods and Tippet, and bid the Footman call a Chair.

Exit Betty.

Aram. I hope you are not going out in dudgeon, Couſin.

Enter Footman.

Foot. Madam, there are ——

Belin. Is there a Chair?

Foot. No Madam, there are Mr. *Bellmour* and Mr. *Vainlove* to wait upon your Ladyſhip.

Aram. Are they below?

Foot. No, Madam, they ſent before, to know if you were at home.

Belin. The Viſit's to you, Couſin, I ſuppoſe I am at my liberty.

Aram. Be ready to ſhew 'em up. (*Exit* Footman. I can't tell, Couſin, I believe we are equally concern'd: but if you continue your Humour, it won't be very entertaining —— (I know ſhe'd fain be perſuaded to ſtay. (*Aſide.*

Belin. I ſhall oblige you, in leaving you to the full and free enjoyment of that Converſation you admire.

Enter

Enter Betty, *with Hoods and Looking-glaſs.*

Belin. Let me ſee; hold the Glaſs — Lard I look wretchedly to day!

Aram. Betty, why don't you help my Couſin? (*Putting on her Hoods.*

Belin. Hold off your Fiſts, and ſee that he gets a Chair with a high Roof, or a very low Seat — Stay, Come back here you Mrs. Fidget — You are ſo ready to go to the Footman — Here, take 'em all again, my Mind's chang'd, I won't go. (*Exit* Betty *with the Things.*

Aram. So, this I expected — You won't oblige me then, Couſin, and let me have all the Company to my ſelf?

Belin. No; upon deliberation, I have too much Charity to truſt you to your ſelf. The Devil watches all opportunities; and in this favourable diſpoſition of your Mind, Heav'n knows how far you may be tempted: I am tender of your Reputation.

Aram. I am oblig'd to you — But who's malicious now, *Belinda*?

Belin. Not I; witneſs my Heart, I ſtay out of pure affection.

Aram. In my Conſcience I believe you,

Enter Bellmour, Vainlove.

Bell. So Fortune be prais'd! To find you both within, Ladies, is —

Aram. No Miracle, I hope.

Bell. Not o' your ſide, Madam, I confeſs — But my Tyrant there and I, are two Buckets that can never come together.

Belin. Nor are ever like — Yet we often meet and claſh.

Bell. How never like! marry *Hymen* forbid. But this it is to run ſo extravagantly in Debt; I have laid out ſuch a world of Love in your Service, That you think you can never be able to pay me all: So ſhun me for the ſame reaſon that you would a dun.

Belin. Ay, on my Conſcience, and the moſt impertinent and troubleſome of Duns — A Dun for Money will be quiet, when he ſees his Debtor has not wherewithal — But a Dun for Love is an eternal Torment that never reſts —

Bell. Till he has created Love where there was none, and then gets it for his pains. For importunity in Love, like importunity at Court; firſt creates its own intereſt, and then purſues it for the Favour.

Aram. Favours that are got by Impudence and Importunity, are like Diſcoveries from the Rack, when the afflicted perſon, for his eaſe, ſometimes confeſſes Secrets his heart knows nothing of.

Vain. I ſhould rather think Favours, ſo gain'd, to be due Rewards to indefatigable Devotion — For as Love is a Deity, he muſt be ſerv'd by Prayer.

Belin. O Gad, would you would all pray to Love then, and let us alone.

Vain. You are the Temples of Love, and 'tis through you, our Devotion muſt be convey'd.

Aram. Rather poor ſilly Idols of your own making, which, upon the leaſt diſpleaſure you forſake, and ſet up new — Every Man, now, changes his Miſtreſs and his Religion, as his humour varies or his intereſt.

Vain. O Madam———

Aram. Nay come, I find we are growing ſerious, and then we are in great danger of being dull—If my Muſick-maſter be not gone, I'll entertain you with a new Song, which comes pretty near my own Opinion of Love and your Sex—Who's there? (*Calls.*

Enter Footman.

Is Mr. *Gavot* gone.

Foot. Only to the next door, Madam; I'll call him. (*Exit.*

Bell. Why, you won't here me with Patience.

Aram. What's the matter, Couſin.

Bell. Nothing, Madam, only———

Belin. Prithee hold thy Tongue———Lard, he has ſo peſter'd me with Flames and Stuff——I think I ſhan't endure the ſight of a Fire this Twelvemonth.

Bell. Yet all can't melt that cruel frozen Heart.

Belin. O Gad I hate your hideous Fancy—You ſaid that once before—If you muſt talk impertinently, for Heav'ns ſake let it be with variety; don't come always, like the Devil, wrapt in Flames——I'll not hear a Sentence more, that begins with an, *I burn*———Or an, *I beſeech you, Madam.*

Bell. But tell me how you would be Ador'd——I am very tractable.

Belin. Then know, I would be Ador'd in ſilence.

Bell. Humph, I thought ſo, that you might have all the talk to your ſelf——you had better let me ſpeak; for if my thoughts fly to any pitch, I ſhall make villainous ſigns.

Belin. What will you get by that? to make ſuch ſigns as I won't underſtand.

Bell. Ay, but if I'm Tongue-ty'd, I muſt have all my Actions free to—Quicken your Apprehenſion—and I-gad let me tell you, my moſt prevailing Argument is expreſs'd in dumb ſhew.

Enter Muſick-maſter.

Aram. O I am glad we ſhall have a Song to divert the Diſcourſe—Pray oblige us with the laſt new Song.

SONG

I.

Thus to a ripe, conſenting Maid,
Poor, old, repenting Delia *ſaid,*
Would you long preſerve your Lover?
Would you ſtill his Goddeſs reign?
Never let him all diſcover,
Never let him much obtain.

II.

Men will admire, adore and die,
While wishing at your Feet they lie:
But admitting their Embraces,
Wakes 'em from the Golden Dream;
Nothing's new besides our Faces,
Every Woman is the same.

Aram. So, how de'e like the Song, Gentlemen.

Bell. O very well perform'd ——but I don't much admire the words.

Aram. I expected it---there's too much Truth in 'em: If Mr. *Gavot* will walk with us in the Garden, we'll have it once again—You may like it better at second hearing. You'll bring my Cousin.

Bell. Faith Madam, I dare not speak to her, but I'll make Signs.

(*Addresses* Belinda *in dumb shew.*

Belin. O foh, your dumb Rhetorick is more ridiculous, than your talking Impertinence; as an Ape is a much more troublesome Animal than a parrot.

Aram. Ay, Cousin, and 'tis a sign the Creatures mimick Nature well; for there are few men, but do more silly things than they say.

Bell. Well, I find my Apishness has paid the Ransome for my Speech, and set it at Liberty——Tho, I confess, I could be well enough pleas'd to drive on a Love-bargain, in that silent manner——'t would save a Man a World of Lying and Swearing at the Years end. Besides I have had a little Experience, that brings to my mind——

When Wit and Reason, both, have fail'd to move;
Kind Looks and Actions (from Success) do prove,
Ev'n Silence may be Eloquent in Love.

Exeunt Omnes.

ACT III. SCENE I. The Street.

Silvia *and* Lucy.

Silvia. WILL h' not come then?

Lucy. Yes, yes, come, I warrant him, if you will go in and be ready to receive him.

Silv. Why did you not tell me?——Whom mean you?

Lucy. Whom you should mean, *Heartwell.*

Silv. Senseless Creature, I meant my *Vainlove.*

Lucy. You may as soon hope, to recover your own Maidenhead, as his Love. Therefore e'en set your heart at rest, and in the name of opportunity mind your own business. Strike *Heartwell* home, before the Bait's worn off the Hook. Age will come. He nibbled fairly yesterday,

and no doubt will be eager enough to day, to ſwallow the Temptation.

Silv. Well, ſince there's no remedy — Yet tell me — For I would know, though to the anguiſh of my Soul; how did he refuſe? Tell me--how did he receive my Letter, in anger or in ſcorn?

Lucy. Neither; but what was ten times worſe, with damn'd, ſenſeleſs indifference. By this Light I could have ſpit in his Face — Receive it! why he receiv'd it, as I would one of your Lovers that ſhould come empty-handed; as a Court Lord does his Mercers Bill, or a begging Dedication: — h' received it, as if 'had been a Letter from his Wife.

Silv. What, did he not read it?

Lucy. Hum'd it over, gave you his Reſpects, and ſaid, he would take time to peruſe it — but then he was in haſte.

Silv. Reſpects, and peruſe it! He's gone, and *Araminta* has bewitch'd him from me--Oh how the name of Rival fires my blood — I could curſe 'em both; eternal Jealouſie attend her Love, and diſappointment meet his Luſt. Oh that I could revenge the torment he has caus'd--Methinks I feel the Woman ſtrong within me, and Vengeance itches in the room of Love.

Lucy. I have that in my head may make miſchief.

Silv. How, dear *Lucy.*

Lucy. You know *Araminta*'s diſſembled coyneſs has won, and keeps him hers —

Silv. Could we perſwade him, that ſhe loves another —

Lucy. No, you're out; could we perſwade him, that ſhe doats on him, himſelf — Contrive a kind Letter as from her, 'twould diſguſt his nicety, and take away his ſtomach.

Silv. Impoſſible, 'twill never take.

Lucy. Trouble not your head. Let me alone — I will inform my ſelf of what paſt between 'em to day, and about it ſtreight — Hold, I'm miſtaken, or that's *Heartwel*, who ſtands talking at the Corner — 'tis he — go get you in Madam, receive him pleaſantly, dreſs up your Face in Innocence and Smiles; and diſſemble the very want of diſſimulation — You know what will take him.

Silv. 'Tis as hard to counterfeit Love, as it is to conceal it: but I'll do my weak endeavour, though I fear I have not Art.

Lucy. Hang Art, Madam, and truſt to Nature for diſſembling.

Man, was by Nature Womans Cully made:
We, never are but by our ſelves betray'd. *Exeunt.*

Enter Heartwel, Vainlove *and* Bellmour *following.*

Bell. Hiſt, hiſt, is not that *Heartwel* going to *Silvia*?

Vain. He's talking to himſelf, I think; prithee lets try if we can hear him.

Heart. Why whither in the Devil's name am I a going now? Hum — Let me think — Is not this *Silvia*'s Houſe, the cave of that Enchantreſs, and which conſequently I ought to ſhun as I would infection? To enter here

here, is to put on the envenom'd Shirt, to run into the embraces of a Fever, and in some raving fit, be led to plunge my self into that more Consuming Fire, a Woman's Arms. Ha! well recollected, I will recover my reason, and be gone.

Bell. Now *Venus* forbid! *Vain.* Hust——

Heart. Well, why do you not move? Feet do your Office——Not one Inch; no, Foregod I'm caught——There stands my North, and thither my Needle points——Now could I curse my self, yet cannot repent. O thou delicious, damn'd, dear, destructive Woman! S'death how the young Fellows will hoot me! I shall be the Jest of the Town: nay in two days, I expect to be Chronicled in Ditty, and sung in woeful Ballad, to the Tune of the Superannuated Maidens Comfort, or the Batchelors Fall; and upon the third, I shall be hang'd in Effigie, pasted up for the exemplary Ornament of necessary Houses and Coblers Stalls—Death, I can't think on't —— I'll run into the danger to lose the apprehension. (*Goes in*

Bell. A very certain remedy, *probatum est*——Ha, ha, ha, poor *George*, thou art i'th right, thou hast sold thy self to Laughter; the ill-natur'd Town will find the Jest just where thou hast lost it. Ha, ha, how a' strugled, like an old Lawyer between two Fees.

Vain. Or a young Whench, between pleasure and reputation.

Bell. Or as you did to day, when half afraid you snatch'd a kiss from *Araminta*.

Vain. She has made a quarrel on't.

Bell. Pauh, Women are only angry at such offences, to have the pleasure of forgiving 'em.

Vain. And I love to have the pleasure of making my peace—I should not esteem a Pardon if too easie won.

Bell. Thou dost not know what thou wouldest be at; whether thou wouldst have her angry or pleas'd. Couldst thou be content to marry *Araminta*?

Vain. Could you be content to go to Heaven?

Bell. Hum, not immediately, in my conscience not heartily? I'd do a little more good in my generation first, in order to deserve it.

Vain. Nor I to marry *Araminta* till I merit her.

Bell. But how the Devil dost thou expect to get her if she never yield?

Vain. That's true; but I would——

Bell. Marry her without her consent; thou'rt a Riddle beyond Woman——

Enter Setter.

Trusty *Setter* what tidings? how goes the project?

Setter. As all lewd projects do, Sir, where the Devil prevents our endeavours with success. *Bell.* A good hearing, *Setter*.

Vain. Well, I'll leave you with your Engineer. *Exit.*

Bell. And hast thou provided necessaries?

Setter. All, all Sir; the large sanctified Hat, and the little precise Band, with a swinging long spiritual Cloak, to cover Carnal Knavery —— not forget-

forgetting the black Patch, which Tribulation *Spintext* wears as I'm inform'd, upon one Eye, as a penal Mourning for the ogling Offences of his Youth; and some say, with that Eye, he first discover'd the frailty of his Wife.

Bell. Well, in this Fanatick Fathers habit, will I confess *Latitia*.

Setter. Rather prepare her for Confession, Sir, by helping her to Sin.

Bell. Be at your Masters Lodging in the Evening—I shall use the Robes.

Exit. Bell.

Setter. I shall Sir——I wonder to which of these two Gentlemen I do most properly appertain—the one uses me as his Attendant; the other (being the better acquainted with my parts) employs me as a Pimp; why that's much the more honourable employment—by all means—I follow one as my Master, but t'other follows me as his Conductor.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. There's the Hang-dog his Man——I had a power over him in the Reign of my Mistress; but he is too true a *Valet de chambre* not to affect his Masters faults; and consequently is revolted from his Allegiance.

Setter. Undoubtedly 'tis impossible to be a Pimp and not a Man of parts. That is without being politick, diligent, secret, wary and so forth—— And to all this valiant as *Hercules*——That is, passively valiant and actively obedient. Ah! *Setter* what a treasure is here lost for want of being known.

Lucy. Here's some Villany a Foot he's so thoughtful; maybe I may discover something in my Mask—Worthy Sir, a word with you. *Puts on her Mask.*

Setter. Why if I were known, I might come to be a great Man——

Lucy. Not to interrupt your meditation——

Setter. And I should not be the first that has procur'd his greatness by Pimping.

Lucy. Now Poverty and the Pox light upon thee, for a Contemplative Pimp.

Setter. Ha! what art, who thus maliciously hast awakned me, from my Dream of Glory? speak thou vile Disturber——

Lucy. Of thy most vile Cogitations——thou poor, conceited wretch, how wert thou valuing thy self, upon thy Masters employment. For he's the head Pimp to Mr. *Bellmour*.

Setter. Good words, Damsel, or I shall——But how dost thou know my Master or me?

Lucy. Yes I know both Master and Man to be——

Setter. To be Men perhaps; nay faith like enough; I often march in the rear of my Master, and enter the breaches which he has made.

Lucy Ay, the breach of Faith, which he has begun: Thou Traytor to thy lawful Princess.

Setter. Why how now! prithee who art? lay by that worldly Face and produce your natural Vizor.

Lucy. No Sirrah, I'll keep it on to abuse thee and leave thee without hopes of revenge.

Setter.

Setter. Oh! I begin to ſmoak ye, thou art ſome forſaken *Abigail*, we have dallied with heretofore—And art come to tickle thy imagination with remembrance of iniquity paſt.

Lucy. No thou pitiful Flatterer of thy Maſters imperfections; thou Maukin made up of the Shreds and Pairings of his ſuperfluous Fopperies.

Setter. Thou art thy Miſtriſſes foul ſelf, compoſed of her ſullied iniquities and Cloathing.

Lucy. Hang thee — Beggars Curr—Thy Maſter is but a Mumper in Love, lies canting at the Gate; but never dares preſume to enter the Houſe.

Setter. Thou art the Wicket to thy Miſtreſſes Gate, to be opened for all comers. In fine thou art the high Road to thy Miſtriſs, as a Clap is to the Pox.

Lucy. Beaſt, filthy Toad, I can hold no longer, look and tremble. *Unmasks.*

Setter. How, *Mrs. Lucy*?

Lucy. I wonder thou haſt the impudence to look me in the Face.

Setter. Adsbud who's in fault, Miſtreſs of mine? who flung the firſt Stone? who undervalued my Function? and who the Devil could know you by inſtinct?

Lucy. You could know my Office by inſtinct, and be hang'd, which you have ſlander'd moſt abominably. It vexes me not what you ſaid of my Perſon; but that my innocent Calling ſhould be expos'd and ſcandaliz'd—I cannot bear it *Cries.*

Setter. Nay faith *Lucy* I'm ſorry, I'll own my ſelf to blame, though we were both in fault as to our Offices —— Come I'll make you any reparation. *Lucy.* Swear.

Setter. I do ſwear to the utmoſt of my power.

Lucy. To be brief then; what is the reaſon your maſter did not appear to day according to the Summons I brought him?

Set. To anſwer you as briefly-He has a Cauſe to be tried in another Court.

Lucy. Come tell me in plain Terms, how forward he is with *Araminta*.

Setter. Too forward to be turn'd back—Though he's a little in diſgrace at preſent about a Kiſs which he forced. You and I can Kiſs *Lucy*, without all that, *Lucy.* Stand off——He's a precious Jewel.

Setter. And therefore you'd have him to ſet in your Ladies Locket.

Lucy. Where is he now? *Setter.* He'll be in the *Piazza* preſently.

Lucy. Remember to days behaviour--Let me ſee you with a penitent Face.

Setter. What no Token of amity *Lucy*? you and I don't uſe to part with dry Lips.

Lucy. No, no, avaunt — I'll not be ſlabber'd and kiſs'd now—I'm not i' th' humour. (*Exit.*

Setter. I'll not quit you ſo——I'll Follow and put you into the humour. *Exit after her.*

Enter Sir Joſeph Wittoll, Bluffe.

Bluff. And ſo out of your unwonted Generoſity——

Sir *Jo.* And good Nature, Back; I am good Natur'd and I can't help it.

Bluff. You

Bluff. You have given him a note upon *Fondlewife* for a hundred Pound.

Sir *Jo.* Ay, ay, poor Fellow, he ventur'd fair for't.

Bluff. You have diſoblig'd me in it—for I have occaſion for the Money, and if you would look me in the Face again and live, go, and force him to redeliver you the Note—go—and bring it me hither. I'll ſtay here for you.

Sir *Jo.* You may ſtay till the day of Judgment then, by the Lord *Harry*. I know better things than to be run through the Guts for a hundred Pound—why I gave that hundred Pound for being ſaved, and d'ee think, an there were no danger, I'll be ſo ungrateful to take it from the Gentleman again?

Bluff. Well, go to him from me——Tell him, I ſay, he muſt refund—or Bilbo's the word, and Slaughter will enſue—— If he refuſe, tell him—but wiſper that——tell him——I'll pink his Soul——but whiſper that ſoftly to him.

Sir *Jo.* So ſoftly, that he ſhall never hear on't I warrant you——why, what a Devil's the matter, Bully, are you mad? or de'e thing I'm mad? Agad for my part, I don't love to be the Meſſenger of ill News; 'tis an ungrateful Office—So tell him your ſelf.

Bluff. By theſe Hilts I believe he frightned you into this compoſition; I believe you gave it him out of fear, pure paultry fear—confeſs.

Sir *Jo.* No, no, hang't I was not afraid neither—tho' I confeſs he did in a manner ſnap me up—yet I can't ſay that it was altogether out of fear, but partly to prevent miſchief—for he was a deviliſh cholerick Fellow: And if my Choler had been up too, agad there would have been miſchief done, that's flat. And yet I believe if you had been by, I would as ſoon have let him a' had a hundred of my Teeth. Adſheart if he ſhould come juſt now when I'm angry, I'd tell him——Mum.

Enter Sharper, Bellmour.

Bell. Thou'rt a luckly Rogue; there's your Benefactor, you ought to return him Thanks now you have receiv'd the Favour.

Sharp. Sir *Joſeph*——Your Note was accepted, and the Money paid at ſight: I'm come to return my Thanks——

Sir *Jo.* They won't be accepted ſo readily as the Bill, Sir.

Bell. I doubt the Knight repents, *Tom*——He looks like the Knight of the ſorrowful Face.

Sharp. This is a double Generoſity——Do me a Kindneſs and refuſe my Thanks——But I hope you are not offended that I offer'd 'em.

Sir *Jo.* May be I am, Sir, may be I am not, Sir, may be I am both, Sir; what then? I hope I may be offended, without any offence to you, Sir.

Sharp. Hey day! Captain, what's the matter? You can tell.

Bluff. Mr. *Sharper*, the matter is plain—Sir *Joſeph* has found out your Trick, and does not care to be put upon; being a Man of Honour.

Sharp. Trick, Sir?

Sir. *Jo.* Ay Trick, Sir, and won't be put upon, Sir, being a Man of Honour, Sir, and ſo, Sir——

Sharp. Hearkee,

Sharp. Harkee, Sir *Joſeph*, a word with ye —— In conſideration of ſome favours lately received; I would not have you draw your ſelf into a Premunire, by truſting to that ſign of a Man there ——That Pot-gun charged with Wind.

Sir *Jo.* O Lord, O Lord, Captain, come juſtifie your ſelf—— I'll give him the Lye if you'll ſtand to it.

Sharp. Nay then I'll be beforehand with you, take that—Oafe. (*Cuffs him.*

Sir *Jo.* Captain, will you ſee this? Won't you pink his Soul?

Bluff. Huſht, 'tis not ſo convenient now—— I ſhall find a time.

Sharp. What do you mutter about a time, Raſcal—You were the Incendiary ——— There's to put you in mind of your time——— A Memorandum. (*Kicks him.*

Bluff. Oh this is your time, Sir, you had beſt make uſe on't.

Sharp. I Gad and ſo I will: There's again for you. (*Kicks him.*

Bluff. You are obliging, Sir, but this is too publick a Place to thank you in: But in your Ear, you are to be ſeen again.

Sharp. Ay thou inimitable Coward, and to be felt —— As for Example. (*Kicks him.*

Bell. Ha, ha, ha, prithee come away, 'tis ſcandalous to kick this Puppy without a Man were cold, and had no other way to get himſelf a heat. (*Exit* Bell. Sharp.

Bluff. Very well——Very fine ——But 'tis no matter——Is not this fine, Sir *Joſeph?*

Sir *Jo.* Indifferent, agad in my opinion very indifferent —— I'd rather go plain all my Life, than wear ſuch Finery.

Bluff. Death and Hell to be affronted thus! I'll die before I'll ſuffer it. (*draws.*

Sir *Jo.* O Lord, his Anger was not raiſed before ——Nay, dear Captain, don't be in Paſſion now he's gone——Put up, put up, dear Back, 'tis your Sir *Joſeph* begs, come let me kiſs thee; ſo, ſo, put up, put up.

Bluff. By Heav'n 'tis not to be put up.

Sir *Jo.* What, Bully? *Bluff.* The Affront.

Sir *Jo.* No agad no more 'tis, for that's put up already, thy Sword I mean.

Bluff. Well, Sir *Joſeph*, at your entreaty ——But were not you my Friend; abus'd, and cuffit, and kickt. (*Putting up his Sword.*

Sir *Jo.* Ay, ay, ſo were you too; no matter, 'tis paſt.

Bluff. By the immortal Thunder of great Guns, 'tis falſe — He ſucks not vital Air who dares affirm it to this Face. *Looks big.*

Sir *Jo.* To that Face I grant you Captain — No, no, I grant you—Not to that Face by the Lord *Harry*——If you had put on your fighting Face before, you had done his buſineſs—He durſt as ſoon have kiſt you, as kickt you to your Face——But a man can no more help what's done behind his back, than what's ſaid —— Come we'll think no more of what's paſt.

Bluff. I'll call a Council of War within to conſider of my Revenge to come. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE *Changes to* Silvia's *Lodgings.* *Enter* Heartwel, Silvia.

SONG.

I.

As Amoret *and* Thyrsis *lay*
Melting the Hours in gentle Play;
Joining Faces, mingling Kisses,
And exchanging harmless Blisses:
He trembling, cry'd, with eager haste,
O let me feed as well as taste,
I die, if I'm not wholly blest.

II.

The fearful Nymph reply'd—Forbear;
I cannot, dare not, must not hear:
Dearest *Thyrsis*, do not move me,
Do not—do not—if you Love me.
O let me—*still the Shepherd said;*
But while she fond Resistance made,
The hasty Joy, in strugling fled.

III.

Vex'd at the Pleasure she had miss,
She frown'd and blush't, then sigh'd and kiss,
And seem'd to moan in sullen Cooing,
The sad miscarriage of their Wooing;
But vain alas! were all her Charms;
For Thyrsis *deaf to Loves alarms,*
Baffled and senseless, tir'd her Arms.

After the Song, a Dance of Anticks.

Silv. Indeed it is very fine——I could look upon 'em all day:

Heart. Well has this prevail'd for me, and will you look upon me?

Silv. If you could Sing and Dance so, I should love to look upon you too.

Heart. Why 'twas I Sung and danc'd; I gave Musick to the Voice, and Life to their Measures—Look you here *Silvia*, here are Songs and Dances, Poetry and Musick——hark! how sweetly one Guinea rhymes to another—And how they dance to the Musick of their own Chink. This buys all the t'other—And this thou shalt have; this, and all that I am worth for the purchase of thy Love—Say, is it mine then, ha? Speak Syren—Oons why do I look on her! Yet I must—Speak dear Angel, Devil, Saint, Witch; do not rack me in suspence. *Pulling out a Purse and chinking it.*

Silv. Nay,

Silv. Nay don't ſtare at me ſo — You make me bluſh — I cannot look.

Heart. Oh Manhood, where art thou! What am I come to? A Woman's Toy; at theſe years! Death, a bearded Baby for a Girl to dandle. O dotage, dotage! That ever that noble paſſion, *Luſt*, ſhould ebb to this degree — No reflux of vigorous Blood: But milky Love, ſupplies the empty Channels; and prompts me to the ſoftneſs of a Child — A meer Infant and would ſuck. Can you love me *Silvia?* ſpeak.

Silv. I dare not ſpeak till I believe you, and indeed I'm afraid to believe you yet.

Heart. Pox, how her Innocence torments and pleaſes me! Lying, Child is indeed the Art of Love; and Men are generally Maſters in it: But I'm ſo newly entred, you cannot diſtruſt me of any skill in the treacherous Myſtery — Now by my Soul I cannot lye, though it were to ſerve a Friend or gain a Miſtreſs.

Silv. Muſt you lye then, if you ſay you Love me?

Heart. No, no, dear Ignorance, thou beauteous Changeling — I tell thee I do love thee, and tell it for a Truth, a naked Truth, which I'm aſhamed to diſcover.

Silv. But Love, they ſay, is a tender thing, that will ſmooth Frowns, and make calm an angry Face; will ſoften a rugged Temper, and make ill-humoured People good: You look ready to fright one, and talk as if your Paſſion were not Love, but Anger.

Heart. 'Tis both; for I am angry with my ſelf when I am pleaſed with you — And a Pox upon me for loving thee ſo well — Yet I muſt on — 'Tis a bearded Arrow, and will more eaſily be thruſt forward than drawn back.

Silv. Indeed if I were well aſſur'd you lov'd; but how can I be well aſſur'd?

Heart. Take the Symptoms — And ask all the Tyrants of thy Sex, if their Fools are not known by this Party-coloured Livery — I am Melancholy, when thou art abſent; look like an Aſs, when thou art preſent; wake for you, when I ſhould ſleep; and even dream of you, when I am awake; ſigh much, drink little, eat leſs, court ſolitude, am grown very entertaining to my ſelf, and (as I am informed) very troubleſome to every body elſe. If this be not Love, it is Madneſs, and then it is pardonable — Nay yet a more certain ſign than all this; I give thee my Money.

Silv. Ay, but that is no ſign, for they ſay, Gentlemen will give Money to any naughty Woman to come to Bed to them — O *Gemini*, I hope you don't mean ſo — for I won't be a Whore.

Heart. The more is the pity. (*Aſide.*

Silv. Nay, if you would marry me, you ſhould not come to bed to me — You have ſuch a Beard, and would ſo prickle one. But do you intend to marry me?

Heart. That a Fool ſhould ask ſuch a malicious Queſtion! Death, I ſhall be drawn in, before I know where I am — However, I find I am pretty ſure of her conſent, if I am put to it. (*Aſide.*
Marry you? no, no, I'll love you.

Silv. Nay, but if you love me, you muſt marry me; what don't I know my Father lov'd my Mother, and was married to her?

Heart. Ay, ay, in old days People married where they lov'd; but that faſhion is chang'd, Child.

Silv. Never tell me that, I know it is not chang'd by my ſelf; for I love you, and would marry you.

Heart. I'll have my Beard ſhav'd, it ſhan't hurt thee, and we'll go to Bed—

Silv. No, no, I'm not ſuch a Fool neither but I can keep my ſelf—honeſt—Here, I won't keep any thing that's your, I hate you now, (*Throws the Purſe.* and I'll never ſee you again, 'cauſe you'd have me naught. (*Going.*

Heart. Damn her let her go, and a good riddance—Yet ſo much Tenderneſs and Beauty—and Honeſty together is a Jewel——Stay *Silvia*——But then to marry——Why every Man plays the Fool once in his Life: But to marry is playing the Fool all ones Life long.

Silv. What did you call me for?

Heart. I'll give thee all I have: And thou ſhalt live with me in every thing ſo like my Wife, the World ſhall believe it: Nay, thou ſhalt think ſo thy ſelf——Only let me not think ſo.

Silv. No, I'll die before I'll be your Whore——as well as I love you.

Heart. Aſide] A Woman, and Ignorant, may be honeſt, when 'tis out of Obſtinacy and Contradiction—But S'death it is but a may be, and upon ſcurvy Terms——Well, farewel then——if I can get out of ſight I may get the better of my ſelf.

Silv. Well——good buy. (*Turns and Weeps.*

Heart. Ha! Nay come, we'll kiſs at parting (*kiſſes her*) by Heaven her Kiſs is ſweeter than Liberty——I will marry thee—There thou haſt don't. all my Reſolve melted in that Kiſs——one more *Silv.* But when?

Heart. I'm impatient till it be done; I will not give my ſelf liberty to think, leſt I ſhould cool—I will about a Licence ſtraight—in the Evening expect me——One kiſs more to confirm me mad; ſo. (*Exit*

Silv. Ha, ha, ha, an old Fox trapt——

Enter Lucy.

Bleſs me! you frighted me, I thought he had been come again, and had heard me.

Lucy. Lord, Madam, I met your Lover in as much haſte, as if he had been going for a Midwife.

Silv. He's going for a Parſon, Girl, the fore-runner of a Midwife, ſome nine months hence——Well, I find diſſembling to our Sex is as natural as ſwimming to a *Negro*; we may depend upon our skill to ſave us at a plunge, tho' till then we never make the experiment—But how haſt thou ſucceeded?

Lucy. As you would wiſh——Since there is no reclaiming *Vainlove*, I have found out a pique ſhe has taken at him; and have fram'd a Letter, that makes her ſue for Reconciliation firſt. I know that will do—walk in and I'll ſhew it you. Come Madam, you're like to have a happy

time

time on't, both your Love and Anger ſatisfied! —All that can charm our Sex conſpire to pleaſe you.

That Woman ſure enjoys a bleſſed Night,
Whom Love and Vengeance do at once delight. *Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I. The Street.

Enter Bellmour *in Fanatick Habit*, Setter.

Bell. 'TIS pretty near the Hour. (*Looking on his Watch*) Well and how *Setter* hæ. does my Hypocriſy fit me hæ? Does it ſit eaſy on me?

Sett. O moſt religiouſly well, Sir.

Bell. I wonder why all our young Fellows ſhould glory in an opinion of Atheiſm; when they may be ſo much more conveniently lewd under the Coverlet of Religion.

Sett. S'bud Sir, away quickly, there's *Fondlewife* juſt turn'd the Corner, and's coming this way.

Bell. Gads ſo, there he is, he muſt not ſee me. (*Exeunt.*

Enter Fondlewife *and* Barnaby.

Fond. I ſay, I will tarry at home. *Bar.* But, Sir.

Fond. Good lack! I profeſs the Spirit of contradiction hath poſſeſt the Lad——I ſay I will tarry at home——*Varlet.*

Bar. I have done Sir, then farewel 500 pound.

Fond. Ha, how's that? Stay, ſtay, did you leave word ſay you with his Wife? With *Comfort* her ſelf.

Bar. I did; and *Comfort* will ſend *Tribulation* hither as ſoon as ever he comes home—— I could have brought young Mr. *Prig.* to have kept my Miſtreſs Company in the mean time: but you ſay——

Fond. How, how, ſay *Varlet!* I ſay let him not come near my Doors. I ſay, he is a wanton young *Levite* and pampereth himſelf up with Dainties, that he may look lovely in the Eyes of Women——Sincerely I am afraid he hath already defiled the Tabernacle of our Siſter *Comfort*; while her good Husband is deluded by his Godly appearance——I ſay, that even Luſt doth ſparkle in his Eyes, and glow upon his Cheeks, and that I would as ſoon truſt my Wife with a Lord's high-fed Chaplain.

Bar. Sir, the Hour draws nigh——And nothing will be done there till you come.

Fond. And nothing can be done here till I go—So that I'll tarry, d'ee ſee.

Bar. And run the hazard to loſe your affair ſo!

Fond. Good lack, good lack——I profeſs it is a very ſufficient vexation, for a Man to have a handſome Wife.

Bar. Never, Sir, but when the Man is an inſufficient Husband. 'Tis then indeed, like the vanity of taking a fine Houſe, and yet be forced to let Lodgings, to help pay the Rent.

Fond. I profeſs

Fond. I profeſs a very apt Compariſon, *Varlet.* Go in and bid my Cocky come out to me, I will give her ſome inſtructions, I will reaſon with her before I go. (*Exit Barnaby.*) And in the mean time, I will reaſon with my ſelf——Tell me *Iſaac*, why art thee Jealous? Why art thee diſtruſtful of the Wife of thy Boſom? — Becauſe ſhe is young and vigorous, and I am old and impotent —— Then why didſt thee marry *Iſaac?*—— Becauſe ſhe was beautiful and tempting, and becauſe I was obſtinate and doating; ſo that my inclination was (and is ſtill) greater than my power —— And will not that which tempted thee, alſo tempt others, who will tempt her *Iſaac?* —— I fear it much —— But does not thy Wife love thee, nay doat upon thee? —— Yes——Why then!—— Ay, but to ſay truth, ſhe's fonder of me, than ſhe has reaſon to be; and in the way of Trade, we ſtill ſuſpect the ſmootheſt Dealers of the deepeſt deſigns——And that ſhe has ſome deſigns deeper than thou canſt reach, th' haſt experimented *Iſaac* —— But Mum.

Enter Lætitia.

Læt. I hope my deareſt Jewel is not going to leave me—Are you *Nykin?*

Fond. Wife—— Have you throughly conſider'd how deteſtable, how heinous, and how Crying a Sin, the Sin of Adultery is? have you weigh'd it I ſay? For it is a very weighty Sin; and although it may lie heavy upon thee, yet thy Husband muſt alſo bear his part: For thy iniquity will fall upon his Head.

Læt. Bleſs me, what means my Dear!

Fond. (*Aſide*) I profeſs ſhe has an alluring Eye; I am doubtful, whether I ſhall truſt her, even with *Tribulation* himſelf —— Speak, I ſay, have you conſidered, what it is to Cuckold your Husband?

Læt. (*Aſide*) I'm amazed: ſure he has diſcovered nothing—— Who has wrong'd me to my Deareſt? I hope my Jewel does not think, that ever I had any ſuch thing in my Head, or ever will have.

Fond. No, no, I tell you I ſhall have it in my Head —— You will have it ſomewhere elſe.

Læt. (*Aſide*) I know not what to think. But I'm reſolv'd to find the meaning of it——Unkind Dear! Was it for this you ſent to call me? is it not affliction enough that you are to leave me, but you muſt ſtudy to encreaſe it by unjuſt ſuſpicions? (*Crying*) Well—Well—You know my Fondneſs, and you love to Tyrannize —— Go on cruel Man, do, Triumph over my poor Heart, while it holds; which cannot be long, with this uſage of yours—— But that's what you want——Well——You will have your ends ſoon —— You will——You will——Yes it will break to oblige you. *Sighs.*

Fond. Verily I fear I have carried the Jeſt too far—Nay, look you now if ſhe does not weep——'tis the fondeſt Fool——Nay, Cocky, Cocky, nay, dear Cocky, don't cry, I was but in Jeſt, I was not ifeck.

Læt. (*Aſide*) Oh then all's ſafe. I was terribly frighted—— My affliction is always your Jeſt, barbarous Man! Oh that I ſhould love to this degree! yet——

Fond. Nay, Cocky.

Læt. No,

Lat. No, no, you are weary of me, that's it——that's all, you would get another Wife——another fond Fool, to break her heart ——— well, be as cruel as you can to me, I'll pray for you; and when I am dead with grief, may you have one that will love you as well as I have done: I ſhall be contented to lie at peace in my cold Grave —— ſince it will pleaſe you. (*Sighs.*

Fond. Good lack, good lack, ſhe would melt a heart of Oak — I profeſs I can hold no longer — Nay dear Cocky —— Ifeck you'll break my heart ——Ifeck you will —— See you have made me weep —— Made poor *Nykin* weep——Nay come Kiſs, buſs poor *Nykin*——— and I won't leave thee ———I'll loſe all firſt.

Lat. Aſide) How! Heav'n forbid! that will be carrying the Jeſt too far indeed.

Fond. Won't you kiſs *Nykin?* *Lat.* Go naughty *Nykin*, you don't love me.

Fond. Kiſs, kiſs, ifeck I do. *Lat.* No you don't. (*She kiſſes him.*

Fond. What not love Cocky! *Lat.* No—h. (*Sighs.*

Fond. I profeſs, I do love thee better than 500 Pound ——And ſo thou ſhalt ſay, for I'll leave it to ſtay with thee.

Lat. No you ſhan't neglect your buſineſs for me — No indeed you ſant *Nykin* —— If you don't go, I'll think you been dealous of me ſtill.

Fond. He, he, he, wilt thou poor Fool? Then I will go, I won't be dealous —— Poor Cocky, kiſs *Nykin*, kiſs *Nykin*, ee, ee, ee——Here will be the good Man anon, to talk to Cocky and teach her how a Wife ought to behave her ſelf.

Lat. (*Aſide.*) I hope to have one that will ſhew me how a Husband ought to behave himſelf—I ſhall be glad to learn, to pleaſe my Jewel. (*Kiſs.*

Fond. That's my good Dear—Come kiſs *Nykin* once more, and then get you in——— So——— Get you in, get you in. By, by.

Lat. By *Nykin*. *Fond.* By Cocky. *Lat.* By *Nykin*. (*She goes in.*

Fond. By Cocky, by, by, (*Exit.*

Enter Vainlove, Sharper.

Sharp. How! *Araminta* loſt!

Vain. To confirm what I have ſaid, read this (*Gives a Letter.*

Sharp. Reads) *Hum, hum——And what then appear'd a fault, upon reflection, ſeems only an effect of a too powerful paſſion. I'm afraid I give too great a Proof of my own at this time——I am in diſorder for what I have written. But ſomething, I know not what, forced me. I only beg a favourable Cenſure of this and your* Araminta.

Sharp. Loſt! Pray Heaven thou haſt not loſt thy Wits. Here, here, ſhe's thy own Man, ſign'd and ſeal'd too —— To her Man ——— A delicious Mellon pure and conſenting ripe, and only waits thy Cutting up —— She has been breeding Love to thee all this while, and juſt now ſhe's deliver'd of it.

Vain. 'Tis an untimely Fruit, and ſhe has miſcarried of her Love.

Sharp. Never leave this damn'd, ill-natur'd whimſey, *Frank?* Thou haſt a ſickly peeviſh Appetite; only chew Love and cannot digeſt it. *Vain.*

Vain. Yes, when I feed my ſelf—But I hate to be cramm'd—By Heav'n there's not a Woman, will give a Man the pleaſure of a chaſe: My ſport is always balkt or cut ſhort—I ſtumble over the Game I would purſue—'Tis dull and unnatural to have a Hare run full in the Hounds Mouth; and would diſtaſte the keeneſt Hunter——I would have overtaken, not have met my Game.

Sharp. However I hope you don't mean to forſake it, that will be but a kind of a Mungril Curs trick. Well, are you for the Mall?

Vain. No, ſhe will be there this evening——Yes, I will go too——And ſhe ſhall ſee her error in——

Sharp. In her choice I gad——But thou canſt not be ſo great a Brute as to ſlight her.

Vain. I ſhould diſappoint her if I did not—By her management I ſhould think ſhe expects it.

All Naturally fly what does purſue:
'Tis fit Men ſhould be coy, when Women wooe. *Exeunt.*

SCENE *Changes to a Room in* Fondlewife's *Houſe.*

A Servant introducing Bellmour *in Fanatick Habit, with a Patch upon one Eye, and a Book in his Hand.*

Serv. Here's a Chair, Sir, if you pleaſe to repoſe your ſelf. I'll call my Miſtreſs. *Exit.* Servant

Bell. Secure in my Diſguiſe, I have out-fac'd Suſpicion, and even dar'd Diſcovery——This Cloak my Sanctity, and truſty *Scarron*'s Novels my Prayer-Book——Methinks I am the very Picture of *Montufar* in the *Hypocrites*——Oh! ſhe comes. *Enter* Lætitia.

So breaks Aurora *through the Veil of Night,* *Thus fly the Clouds, divided by her Light,* *And ev'ry Eye receives a new-born Sight.* } *Throwing off his Cloak, Patch,* &c.

Læt. Thus ſtrew'd with Bluſhes, like—Ah! Heav'n defend me! Who's this? [*Diſcovering him, ſtarts.*

Bell. Your Lover.

Læt. Vainlove's Friend! I know his Face, and he has betraid me to him. [*Aſide.*

Bell. You are ſurprized. Did you not expect a Lover, Madam? Thoſe Eyes ſhone kindly on my firſt Appearance, tho' now they are o'er-caſt.

Læt. I may well be ſurpriz'd at your Perſon and Impudence; they are both new to me——You are not what your firſt Appearance promiſed: The Piety of your Habit was welcome, but not the Hypocriſy.

Bell. Rather the Hypocriſy was welcome, but not the Hypocrite.

Læ. Who are you, Sir? You have miſtaken the Houſe ſure.

Bell. I have Directions in my Pocket, which agree with every thing but your Unkindneſs. [*Pulls out the Letter.*

Læt. My Letter! Baſe *Vainlove!* Then 'tis too late to diſſemble. [*Aſide.* 'Tis plain then you have miſtaken the Perſon. [*Going.*

Bell. If

Bell. If we part ſo I'm miſtaken —— Hold, hold, Madam — I confeſs I have run into an Errour — I beg your Pardon a thouſand times — What an eternal Block-head am I! Can you forgive me the Diſorder I have put you into —— But it is a Miſtake which any body might have made.

Let. What can this mean! 'Tis impoſſible he ſhould be miſtaken after all this—A handſome Fellow if he had not ſurpriz'd me: Methinks, now I look on him again, I would not have him miſtaken. [*Aſide.*] We are all liable to Miſtakes, Sir: If you own it to be ſo, there needs no farther Apology.

Bell. Nay 'Faith, Madam, 'tis a pleaſant one; and worth your hearing. Expecting a Friend, laſt Night, at his Lodgings, till 'twas late; my intimacy with him gave me the Freedom of his Bed: He not coming home all Night, a Letter was deliver'd to me by a Servant, in the Morning: Upon the peruſal I found the Contents ſo charming, that I could think of nothing all Day, but putting 'em in practice —— till juſt now, (the firſt time I ever look'd upon the Superſcription) I am the moſt ſurpriz'd in the world to find it directed to Mr. *Vainlove*. Gad, Madam, I ask you a Million of Pardons, and will make you any Satisfaction.

Let. I am diſcover'd ——— And either *Vainlove* is not guilty, or he has handſomely excuſed him. [*Aſide.*

Bell. You appear concern'd, Madam.

Let. I hope you are a Gentleman; ——— and ſince you are privy to a weak Woman's Failing, won't turn it to the prejudice of her Reputation. You look as if you had more Honour ———

Bell. And more Love; or my Face is a Falſe-Witneſs, and deſerves to be pillory'd. ——— No, by Heaven, I ſwear ———

Let. Nay, don't ſwear if you'd have me believe you; but promiſe ——

Bell. Well, I promiſe ——— A Promiſe is ſo cold ——— Give me leave to ſwear —— by thoſe Eyes, thoſe killing Eyes; by thoſe healing Lips. —— Oh! preſs the ſoft Charm cloſe to mine, —— and ſeal 'em up for ever.

Let. Upon that Condition. [*He kiſſes her.*

Bell. Eternity was in that moment —— One more, upon any Condition.

Let. Nay now — I never ſaw any thing ſo agreeably Impudent. [*Aſide.* Won't you cenſure me for this, now; — but 'tis to buy your Silence. [*Kiſs.* Oh, but what am I doing!

Bell. Doing! No Tongue can expreſs it. —— not thy own; nor any thing, but thy Lips. I am faint with the Exceſs of Bliſs: ——— Oh, for Love-ſake, lead me any whither, where I may lie down; ——— quickly, for I'm afraid I ſhall have a Fit.

Let. Bleſs me! What Fit?

Bell. Oh, a Convulſion ——— I feel the Symptoms.

Let. Does it hold you long? I'm afraid to carry you into my Chamber.

Bell. Oh, No: Let me lie down upon the Bed; ——— the Fit will be ſoon over. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to St.* James's Park. Araminta *and* Belinda *meeting.*

Belin. Lard, my Dear: I am glad I have met you——I have been at the *Exchange* ſince, and am ſo tir'd——

Aram. Why, What's the matter?

Belin. Oh the moſt inhumane, barbarous Hackney-Coach! I am jolted to a Jelly—Am I not horridly touz'd? (*Pulls out a Pocket-Glaſs.*

Aram. Your Head's a little out of Order.

Belin. A little! O frightful! What a furious Fiz I have! O moſt rueful! Ha, ha, ha: O Gad, I hope no body will come this way, till I put my ſelf a little in Repair—Ah! my Dear—I have ſeen ſuch unhewn Creatures ſince——Ha, ha, ha, I can't for my Soul help thinking that I look juſt like one of 'em—Good Dear, pin this, and I'll tell you——Very well——So, thank you my Dear——But as I was telling you——Piſh, this is the untoward'ſt Lock——So, as I was telling you——How d'ye like me now? Hideous, ha? Frightful ſtill? Or how?

Aram. No, no; you're very well as can be.

Belin. And ſo—But where did I leave off, my Dear? I was telling you—

Aram. You were about to tell me ſomething, Child——but you left off before you began.

Belin. Oh; a moſt Comical Sight: A Country Squire, with the Equipage of a Wife and two Daughters, came to Mrs. *Snipwel*'s Shop while I was there——But, Oh Gad! Two ſuch unlick'd Cubs!

Aram. I warrant, plump, Cherry-cheek'd Country Girls.

Belin. Ay, O my Conſcience, fat as Barn-door-Fowl: But ſo bedeck'd, you would have taken 'em for *Friezland* Hens, with their Feathers growing the wrong way——O ſuch Out-landiſh Creatures! Such *Tramontane*, and Foreigners to the Faſhion, or any thing in practice! I had not patience to behold——I undertook the modelling of one of their Fronts, the more modern Structure——

Aram. Bleſs me, Couſin; why would you affront any body ſo? They might be Gentlewomen of a very good Family——

Belin. Of a very ancient one, I dare ſwear, by their Dreſs——Affront! Pſhaw, how you're miſtaken! The poor Creature, I warrant, was as full of Curtſies, as if I had been her Godmother: The Truth on't is, I did endeavour to make her look like a Chriſtian—and ſhe was ſenſible of it; for ſhe thank'd me, and gave me two Apples, piping hot, out of her Under-Petticoat-Pocket—Ha, ha, ha: And t'other did ſo ſtare and gape—I fanſied her like the Front of her Father's Hall; her Eyes were the two Jut-Windows, and her Mouth the great Door, moſt hoſpitably kept open, for the Entertainment of travelling Flies.

Aram. So then; you have been diverted. What did they buy?

Belin. Why, the Father bought a Powder-Horn, and an Almanack, and a Comb-Caſe; the Mother, a great Fruz-Towr, and a Fat-Amber-Necklace; the Daughters only tore two Pair of Kid Gloves, with trying 'em on——

Oh

Oh Gad, here comes the Fool that din'd at my Lady *Freelove*'s t'other day.

Enter Sir Joseph *and* Bluffe.

Aram. May be he may not know us again.

Belin. We'll put on our Masks to secure his Ignorance. (*They put on their Masks.*

Sir *Jo.* Nay, gad, I'll pick up; I'm resolv'd to make a Night on't—I'll go to Alderman *Fondlewife* by and by, and get 50 Pieces more from him. Adsdikins, *Bully*, we'll wallow in Wine and Women. Why, this same *Madera*-Wine has made me as light as a Grashopper.—Hist, hist, Bully, dost thou see those Tearers? [*Sings.*] *Look you what here is—Look you what here is—Toll—loll—dero—roll—loll*—A Gad, t'other Glass of *Madera*, and I durst have attack'd 'em in my own proper Person, without your help.

Bluffe. Come on then, Knight—— But d'ye know what to say to 'em?

Sir *Jo.* Say: Pooh, Pox, I've enough to say—never fear it—that is, if I can but think on't: Truth is, I have but a treacherous Memory.

Belin. O frightful! Cousin, What shall we do? These things come toward us.

Aram. No matter —— I see *Vainlove* coming this way —— and, to confess my Failing, I am willing to give him an opportunity of making his Peace with me—— and to rid me of these Coxcombs, when I seem oppress with 'em, will be a fair one.

Bluffe. Ladies, by these Hilts you are well met.

Aram. We are afraid not.

Bluffe. What says my pretty little Knapsack Carrier? [*To* Belinda.

Belin. O monstrous filthy Fellow! Good slovenly Captain *Bluffe*, *Bluffe*, (what is your hideous name?) be gone: You stink of Brandy and Tobacco, most Soldier-like. Foh. [*Spits.*

Sir *Jos.* Now am I slap-dash down in the Mouth, and have not one Word to say! [*Aside.*

Aram. I hope my Fool has not Confidence enough to be troublesome. [*Aside.*

Sir *Jos.* Hem! Pray, Madam, which way's the Wind?

Aram. A pithy Question——Have you sent your Wits for a Venture, Sir, that you enquire?

Sir *Jos.* Nay, now I'm in——I can prattle like a Magpye. [*Aside.*

Enter Sharper *and* Vainlove *at a Distance.*

Belin. Dear *Araminta*, I'm tir'd.

Aram. 'Tis but pulling off our Masks, and obliging *Vainlove* to know us, I'll be rid of my Fool by fair means——Well, Sir *Joseph*, you shall see my Face——but, be gone immediately——I see one that will be Jealous, to find me in discourse with you——Be discreet——No reply; but away. [*Unmasks.*

Sir *Jos.* The great Fortune, that dined at my Lady *Freelove*'s! Sir *Joseph*, thou art a made Man. Agad, I'm in Love up to the Ears. But I'll be discreet, and hush't. [*Aside.*

Bluffe. Nay, by the World, I'll see your face.

Belin. You shall. [*Unmasks.*

Sharp. Ladies, your humble Servant——We were afraid, you would not have given us leave to know you.

Aram. We thought to have been private ——But we find Fools, have the same advantage over a Face in a Mask, that a Coward has, while the Sword is in the Scabbard ——So were forced to draw in our own defence.

Bluffe. My blood rises at that Fellow: I can't stay where he is; and I must not draw in the Park. [*To Sir* Jos.

Sir *Jos.* I wish I durst stay to let her know my Lodging —— [*Exeunt Sir* Jos. *and* Bluffe.

Sharp. There is in true Beauty, as in Courage, somewhat, which narrow Souls cannot dare to admire ——And see, the Owls are fled, as at the break of Day.

Belind. Very courtly —I believe, Mr. *Vainlove* has not rubb'd his Eyes, since break of Day neither, he looks as if he durst not approach —Nay, come Cousin, be Friends with him——I swear he looks so very simply, ha, ha, ha,—— Well, a Lover in the state of separation from his Mistriss, is like a Body without a Soul. Mr. *Vainlove*, shall I be bound for your good Behaviour for the future?

Vain. Now must I pretend ignorance equal to hers, of what she knows as well as I. [*Aside.*] Men are apt to offend ('tis true) where they find most Goodness to forgive —— But, Madam, I hope I shall prove of a Temper, not to abuse Mercy, by committing new Offences.

Aram. So cold! [*Aside.*

Belin. I have broke the Ice for you, Mr. *Vainlove*, and so I leave you. Come, Mr. *Sharper*, you and I will take a turn, and laugh at the Vulgar—Both the great Vulgar and the small—Oh Gad! I have a great Passion for *Cowley* —— Don't you admire him?

Sharp. Oh Madam! He was our English *Horace*.

Belin. Ah so fine! So extremely fine! So every thing in the world that I like——Oh Lord, walk this way ——I see a couple I'll give you their History. [*Ex.* Bel. *and* Sharp.

Vain. I find, Madam, the Formality of the Law must be observ'd, tho' the Penalty of it be dispens'd with; and an Offender must Plead to his Arraignment, though he have his Pardon in his Pocket.

Aram. I'm amaz'd! This Insolence exceeds the t'other; — whoever has encourag'd you to this assurance——presuming upon the easiness of my Temper, has much deceiv'd you, and so you shall find.

Vain. Hey day! Which way now? Here's fine doubling. [*Aside.*

Aram. Base Man! Was it not enough to affront me with your sawcy Passion?

Vain. You have given that Passion a much kinder Epithet than Sawcy, in another place.

Aram. Another place! Some villainous Design to blast my Honour—— But tho' thou hadst all the Treachery and Malice of thy Sex, thou canst not

lay

lay a blemish on my Fame——No, I have not err'd in one favourable Thought of Mankind——How time might have deceiv'd me in you, I know not; my opinion was but young, and your early baseness has prevented its growing to a wrong Belief—— Unworthy, and ungrateful! Be gone, and never see me more.

Vain. Did I dream? Or do I dream? Shall I believe my Eyes, or Ears? The Vision is here still——Your Passion, Madam, will admit of no farther reasoning——But here is a silent Witness of your acquaintance——

[*Takes out the Letter, and offers it: She snatches it, and throws it away.*

Aram. There's Poison in every thing you touch — Blisters will follow—

Vain. That Tongue, which denies what the Hands have done.

Aram. Still mystically, senseless and impudent——I find I must leave the place.

Vain. No, Madam, I'm gone—She knows her Name's to it, which she will be unwilling to expose to the Censure of the first finder. [*Exit.*

Aram. Woman's Obstinacy made me blind, to what Woman's Curiosity now tempts me to see. [*Takes up the Letter, and* Exit.

Enter Belinda, Sharper.

Belind. Nay, we have spared no body, I swear. Mr. *Sharper*, you're a pure Man; where did you get this excellent Talent of Railing?

Sharp. Faith, Madam, the Talent was born with me:—I confess, I have taken care to improve it; to qualify me for the society of Ladies.

Belin. Nay, sure Railing is the best qualification in a Woman's Man.

Sharp. The second best,—— indeed I think *Enter Footman.*

Belin. How now, *Pace*? Where's my Cousin?

Foot. She's not very well, Madam, and has sent to know, if your Ladiship would have the Coach come again for you?

Belin. O Lord, No, I'll go along with her. Come, Mr. *Sharper*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *Changes to a Chamber in* Fondlewife's *House.*

Enter Lætitia *and* Bellmour, *his Cloak, Hat,* &c. *lying loose about the Chamber.*

Bell. Here's no body, nor no noise——'twas nothing but your fears.

Læt. I durst have sworn, I had heard my Monster's Voice——I swear, I was heartily frightned—Feel how my heart beats.

Bell. 'Tis an alarm to Love——Come in again, and let us—

Fond. without. Cocky, Cocky, where are you, Cocky? I'm come home.

Læt. Ah! There he is. Make haste, gather up your things.

Fond. Cocky, Cocky, open the door.

Bell. Pox choak him, would his Horns were in his Throat. My Patch, my Patch. [*Looking about, and gathering up his things.*

Læt. My Jewel, art thou there? No matter for your Patch - You s'an't tum in, *Nykin*——Run into my Chamber, quickly, quickly. You s'an't tum in. [Bell. *goes in.*

Fond. Nay, prithee, Dear, ifeck I'm in haste.

Læt. Then

Let. Then I'll let you in. (*Opens the Door.*

Enter Fondlewife, *and Sir* Joseph.

Fond. Kiss, Dear—I met the Master of the Ship by the way—And I must have my Papers of Accounts out of your Cabinet.

Let. Oh, I'm undone! (*Aside.*

Sir *Jo.* Pray, first let me have 50 *l.* good Alderman, for I'm in haste.

Fond. A hundred has already been paid, by your Order. Fifty? I have the Summ ready in Gold, in my Closet. (*Goes into his Closet.*

Sir *Jo.* Agad, it's a curious, fine, pretty Rogue; I'll speak to her—Pray, Madam, what News d'ye hear?

Let. Sir, I seldom stir abroad. (*Walks about in disorder.*

Sir *Jo.* I wonder at that, Madam, for 'tis most curious fine weather.

Let. Methinks, 't has been very ill weather.

Sir *Jo.* As you say, Madam, 'tis pretty bad weather, and has been so a great while.

Enter Fondlewife.

Fond. Here are fifty pieces in this Purse, Sir *Joseph*—If you will tarry a moment, till I fetch my Papers, I'll wait upon you down Stairs.

Let. Ruin'd, past Redemption! What shall I do——Ha! this fool may be of use. (*Aside.*) Stand off, rude Ruffian. Help me, my Dear—— O bless me! Why will you leave me alone with such a Satyr. (*As* Fond. *is going into the Chamber, she runs to Sir* Joseph, *almost pushes him down, and cries out.*

Fond. Bless us! what's the matter? what's the matter?

Let. Your back was no sooner turn'd; but like a Lion, he came open mouth'd upon me, and would have ravished a kiss from me by main force.

Sir *Jo.* O Lord! Oh terrible! Ha, ha, ha, is your Wife mad, Alderman?

Let. Oh! I am sick with the fright; won't you take him out of my sight?

Fond. Oh Traytor! I'm astonished. Oh bloody-minded Traytor!

Sir *Jo.* Hey-day! Traytor your self——By the Lord *Harry* I was in most danger of being ravish'd, if you go to that.

Fond. Oh, how the blasphemous wretch swears! Out of my house, thou Son of the whore of *Babylon*; Off-spring of *Bell* and the *Dragon*—Bless us! Ravish my Wife! my *Dinah!* Oh *Shechemite!* Be gone I say.

Sir *Jo.* Why, the Devil's in the people, I think. (*Exit.*

Let. Oh! won't you follow, and see him out of Doors, my Dear?

Fond. I'll shut this door, to secure him from coming back——Give me the Key of your Cabinet, Cocky——Ravish my Wife before my face! I warrant he's a Papist in his heart, at least, if not a *French*-man.

Let. What can I do now! (*Aside.*) Oh! my Dear, I have been in such a fright, that I forgot to tell you, poor Mr. *Spintext* has a sad Fit of the Cholick, and is forced to lie down upon our bed——You'll disturb him; I can tread softlier.

Fond. Alack poor Man——No, no——you don't know the Papers—I won't disturb him; Give me the Key. (*She gives him the Key, goes to the Chamber-door, and speaks aloud.*) *Let.* 'Tis

Let. 'Tis no body but Mr. *Fondlewife*, Mr. *Spintext*, lie ſtill on your Stomach; lying on your Stomach, will eaſe you of the Cholick.

Fond. Ay, ay, lie ſtill, lie ſtill; don't let me diſturb you. (*Goes in.*

Let. Sure, when he does not ſee his face, he won't diſcover him. Dear Fortune, help me but this once, and I'll never run in thy debt again——But this Opportunity is the Devil.

Fondlewife *returns with Papers.*

Fond. Good lack! good lack!——I profeſs, the poor Man is in great torment, he lies as flat——Dear, you ſhould heat a Trencher, or a Napkin——Where's *Deborah?* let her clap a warm thing to his Stomach, or chafe it with a warm hand, rather than fail. What Book's this?

(*Sets the Book that* Bellmour *forgot.*

Let. Mr. *Spintext*'s Prayer-book, Dear —— Pray Heav'n it be a Prayer-book. (*Aſide.*

Fond. Good Man! I warrant he dropp'd it on purpoſe, that you might take it up, and read ſome of the pious Ejaculations. [*Taking up the Book.*] O bleſs me! O monſtrous! A Prayer-book? Ay, this is the Devil's *Pater-Noſter.* Hold, let me ſee; *The Innocent Adultery.*

Let. Misfortune! now all's ruin'd again. (*Aſide.*

Bell. [*Peeping.*] Damn'd Chance! If I had gone a whoring with the *Practice of Piety* in my Pocket, I had never been diſcover'd.

Fond. Adultery, and innocent! O Lord! Here's Doctrine! Ay, here's Diſcipline!

Let. Dear Husband, I'm amaz'd:——Sure it is a good Book, and only tends to the Speculation of Sin.

Fond. Speculation! No, no; ſomething went farther than ſpeculation when I was not to be let in——Where is this Apocryphal Elder? I'll ferret him.

Let. I'm ſo diſtracted, I can't think of a Lye. (*Aſide.*

Fondlewife *haling out* Bellmour.

Fond. Come out here, thou *Ananias* incarnate——Who, how now! who have we here?

Let. Ha! (*Shrieks, as ſurpriz'd.*

Fond. Oh, thou ſalacious Woman! Am I then brutified? Ay, I feel it here; I ſprout, I bud, I bloſſom, I am ripe-horn-mad. But who in the Devil's name, are you? Mercy on me for ſwearing. But——

Let. Oh, goodneſs keep us! Who's this? Who are you? What are you?

Bell. Soh.

Let. In the name of the——Oh! Good, my Dear, don't come near it, I'm afraid 'tis the Devil; indeed it has hoofs, Dear.

Fond. Indeed, and I have Horns, Dear. The Devil, no, I'm afraid, 'tis the Fleſh, thou Harlot. Dear, with the Pox. Come *Syren*, ſpeak, confeſs, who is this reverend, brawny Paſtor?

Let. Indeed, and indeed now my dear *Nykin*——I never ſaw this wicked Man before.

Fond. Oh, it is a Man then, it ſeems. *Let.* Ra-

Let. Rather, ſure it is a Wolf in the cloathing of a Sheep.

Fond. Thou art a Devil in his proper cloathing, Womans fleſh. What, you know nothing of him, but his Fleece here! — You don't love Mutton? — you *Magdalen* unconverted.

Bell. Well, now I know my Cue —— That is very honourably, to excuſe her, and very impudently accuſe my ſelf. (*Aſide.*

Let. Why then, I wiſh I may never enter into the Heaven of your Embraces again, my Dear, if ever I ſaw his face before.

Fond. O Lord! O ſtrange! I am in admiration of your impudence. Look at him a little better; he is more modeſt, I warrant you, than to deny it. Come, were you two never face to face before? Speak.

Bell. Since all Artifice is vain —— And I think my ſelf obliged to ſpeak the Truth in Juſtice to your Wife — No.

Fond. Humph.

Let. No, indeed Dear.

Fond. Nay I find you are both in a ſtory; that I muſt confeſs. But, what ——— not to be cured of the Cholick? Don't you know your Patient, Mrs. *Quack?* Oh, lie upon your Stomach; lying upon your Stomach will cure you of the Cholick. Ah! I wiſh he has lain upon no bodies ſtomach but his own. Anſwer me that, *Jezabel?*

Let. Let the wicked Man anſwer for himſelf; does he think that I have nothing to do but excuſe him; 'tis enough, if I can clear my own innocence to my own Dear.

Bell. By my troth, and ſo 'tis — I have been a little too backward, that's the truth on't.

Fond. Come, Sir, who are you, in the firſt place? and what are you?

Bell. A Whoremaſter.

Fond. Very Conciſe.

Let. O beaſtly, impudent Creature.

Fond. Well Sir, and what came you hither for?

Bell. To lie with your Wife.

Fond. Good again — A very civil Perſon this, and I believe ſpeaks truth.

Let. Oh, inſupportable impudence!

Fond. Well, Sir, — Pray be cover'd — and you have — Heh! You have finiſh'd the matter, Heh? And I am, as I ſhould be, a ſort of a civil Perquiſite to a Whore-maſter, called a *Cuckold*, Heh. Is it not ſo? Come, I'm inclining to believe every word you ſay.

Bell. Why, Faith I muſt confeſs, ſo I deſign'd you — But, you were a little unlucky in coming ſo ſoon, and hindred the making of your own Fortune.

Fond. Humph. Nay, if you mince the matter once, and go back of your word; you are not the Perſon I took you for. Come, come, go on boldly — What, don't be aſham'd of your Profeſſion — Confeſs, confeſs, I ſhall love thee the better for't — I ſhall, I ſeck — What, doſt think I don't know how to behave my ſelf in the employment of a Cuckold and have been 3

Years

Years Apprentice to Matrimony? Come, come, Plain-dealing is a Jewel.

Bell. Well, since I see thou art a good honest Fellow, I'll confess the whole matter to thee.

Fond. Oh, I am a very honest Fellow —— You never lay with an honster man's wife in your life.

Let. How my heart akes! All my comfort lies in his impudence, and heav'n be praised, he has a considerable portion. [*Aside.*

Bell. In short then, I was informed of the opportunity of your absence, by my Spy, (for faith, honest *Isaac*, I have a long time design'd thee this favour) I knew *Spin-text* was to come by your direction.— But I laid a trap for him, and procured his Habit; in which, I pass'd upon your Servants, and was conducted hither. I pretended a Fit of the Cholick, to excuse my lying down upon your Bed; hoping that when she heard of it, her good nature would bring her to administer Remedies for my Distemper.— You know what might have follow'd.— But like an uncivil Person, you knock'd at the door, before your wife was come to me.

Fond. Ha! This is Apocryphal; I may chuse whether I will believe it or no.

Bell. That you may, faith, and I hope you won't believe a word on't — But I can't help telling the truth, for my life.

Fond. How! wou'd not you have me believe you, say you?

Bell. No; for then you must of consequence part with your wife, and there will be some hopes of having her upon the publick; then the encouragement of a separate maintenance ——

Fond. No, no; for that matter, —— when she and I part, she'll carry her separate maintenance about her.

Let. Ah, cruel Dear, how can you be so barbarous? You'll break my heart, if you talk of parting. [*Cries.*

Fond. Ah, Dissembling Vermin!

Bell. How canst thou be so cruel, *Isaac?* Thou hast the heart of a Mountain-Tyger. By the faith of a sincere Sinner, she's innocent for me. Go to him, Madam, fling your snowy Arms about his stubborn Neck; bathe his relentless Face in your salt trickling Tears. — So, a few soft Words, and a Kiss, and the good Man melts. See how kind Nature works, and boils over in him. } *She goes and hangs upon his Neck, and kisses him.* Bell. *kisses her Hand behind* Fondlewife's *back.*

Let. Indeed, my Dear, I was but just come down stairs, when you knock'd at the Door; and the Maid told me Mr. *Spin-text* was ill of the Cholick, upon our Bed. And won't you speak to me, cruel *Nykin*? Indeed, I'll die, if you don't.

Fond. Ah! No, no, I cannot speak, my heart's so full —— I have been a tender Husband, a tender Yoke-fellow; you know I have — But thou hast been a faithless *Dalilah*, and the *Philistines* have been upon thee. Heh! Art thou not vile and unclean, Heh? Speak. [*Weeping.*

Let. No h. [*Sighing.*

Fond. Oh,

Fond. Oh, that I could believe thee!

Lat. Oh, my Heart will break. [*Seeming to faint.*

Fond. Heh, How! No, ſtay, ſtay, I will believe thee, I will.—— Pray bend her forward, Sir.

Lat. Oh! Oh! Where is my Dear?

Fond. Here, here; I do believe thee.—— I won't believe my own Eyes.

Bell. For my part, I am ſo charm'd with the love of your Turtle to you, that I'll go and ſollicit Matrimony with all my might and main.

Fond. Well, well, Sir; as long as I believe it, 'tis well enough. No thanks to you, Sir, for her Vertue.—— But, I'll ſhow you the way out of my Houſe, if you pleaſe. Come, my Dear. Nay, I will believe thee, I do, I'feck.

Bell. See the great Bleſſing of an eaſie Faith; Opinion cannot err.
No Husband, by his Wife, can be deceiv'd;
She ſtill is Vertuous, if ſhe's ſo believ'd. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I. The Street.

Enter Bellmour *in Fanatick Habit, and* Setter.

Bell. SEtter! Well encounter'd.

Setter. Joy of your Return, Sir. Have you made a good Voyage? Or have you brought your own Lading back?

Bell. No, I have brought nothing but Ballaſt back —— made a delicious Voyage, *Setter*; and might have rode at Ancor in the Port till this time, but the Enemy ſurpriz'd us —— I would unrig.

Setter. I attend you, Sir.

[Heartwel *and* Lucy *appear at* Sylvia's *Door.*]

Bell. Ha! Is not that *Heartwel* at *Sylvia*'s Door? Be gone quickly, I'll follow you:—— I would not be known. [*Exit* Setter.] Pox take 'em, they ſtand juſt in my way.

Heart. I'm impatient till it done.

Lucy. That may be, without troubling your ſelf to go again for your Brother's Chaplain. Don't you ſee that ſtalking Form of Godlineſs?

Heart. O Pox; he's a Fanatick.

Lucy. An Executioner qualified to do your buſineſs. He has been lawfully Ordain'd.

Heart. I'll pay him well, if you'll break the Matter to him.

Lucy. I warrant you—Do you go and prepare your Bride. [*Ex.* Heartw.

Bell. Humph, Sits the Wind there?—— What a lucky Rogue am I! Oh, what Sport will be here, if I can perſuade this Wench to Secreſie?

Lucy. Sir:

Lucy. Sir: Reverend Sir.

Bell. Madam. [*Discovers himself.*

Lucy. Now, Goodneſs have mercy upon me! Mr. *Bellamour!* is it you?

Bell. Even I. What doſt think?

Lucy. Think! That I ſhould not believe my Eyes, and that you are not what you ſeem to be.

Bell. True. But to convince thee who I am, thou knoweſt my old Token. [*Kiſſes her.*

Lucy. Nay, Mr. *Bellamour:* O Lard! I believe you are a Parſon in good earneſt, you kiſs ſo devoutly.

Bell. Well, your buſineſs with me, *Lucy?*

Lucy. I had none, but through miſtake.

Bell. Which miſtake you muſt go thorough with, *Lucy* —— Come, I know the Intrigue between *Heartwel* and your Miſtreſs; and you miſtook me for *Tribulation Spin-text*, to marry 'em. —— Ha? Are not matters in this poſture? —— Confeſs: —— Come, I'll be faithful; I will i'faith. —— What, Diffide in me, *Lucy?*

Lucy. Alas-a-day! You and Mr. *Vainlove*, between you, have ruin'd my poor Miſtreſs: You have made a Gap in her Reputation; And can you blame her if ſhe ſtop it up with a Husband?

Bell. Well, is it as I ſay?

Lucy. Well, it is then: But you'll be ſecret?

Bell. Phuh, Secret, Ay: —— And to be out of thy debt, I'll truſt thee with another Secret. Your Miſtreſs muſt not marry *Heartwel*, *Lucy.*

Lucy. How! O Lord! ——

Bell. Nay, Don't be in Paſſion, *Lucy:* —— I'll provide a fitter Husband for her. — Come, here's Earneſt of my good Intentions for thee too; Let this mollifie. — [*Gives her Money.*] Look you, *Heartwel* is my Friend; and tho' he be blind, I muſt not ſee him fall into the Snare, and unwittingly marry a Whore.

Lucy. Whore! I'd have you to know my Miſtreſs ſcorns ——

Bell. Nay, nay: Look you, *Lucy*; there are Whores of as good Quality. —— But to the purpoſe, if you will give me leave to acquaint you with it. Do you carry on the Miſtake of me: I'll marry 'em. —— Nay, don't pauſe; —— If you do, I'll ſpoil all. —— I have ſome private Reaſons for what I do, which I'll tell you within. —— In the mean time, I promiſe, —— and rely upon me, —— to help your Miſtreſs to a Husband: Nay, and thee too, *Lucy.* —— Here's my hand, I will; with a freſh Aſſurance. [*Gives her more Money.*

Lucy. Ah, the Devil is not ſo cunning. —— You know my eaſie Nature. —— Well, for once I'll venture to ſerve you; but if you do deceive me, the Curſe of all kind, tender-hearted women light upon you.

Bell. That's as much as to ſay, *The Pox take me.* —Well, lead on. [*Exeunt.*

[*Enter* Vainlove, Sharper, *and* Setter.]

Sharp. Juſt now, ſay you, gone in with *Lucy?*

Setter. I ſaw him, Sir, and ſtood at the Corner where you found me, and over-heard all they ſaid: Mr. *Bellmour* is to marry 'em.

Sharp. Ha, ha; 'Twill be a pleaſant Cheat, —— I'll plague *Heartwel* when I ſee him. Prithee, *Frank*, let's teaze him; make him fret till he foam at the mouth, and diſgorge his Matrimonial Oath with Intereſt —— Come, thou'rt ſo muſty ——

Setter. (*To* Sharper.) Sir, a word with you. [*Whiſpers him.*

Vain. Sharper ſwears ſhe has forſworn the Letter —— I'm ſure he tells me Truth; —— but I am not ſure ſhe told him Truth: —— Yet ſhe was unaffectedly concern'd, he ſays; and often bluſh'd with Anger and Surprize: —— And ſo I remember in the Park. —— She had reaſon, if I wrong her — I begin to doubt.

Sharp. Say'ſt thou ſo!

Setter. This Afternoon, Sir, about an hour before my Maſter receiv'd the Letter.

Sharp. In my Conſcience, like enough.

Setter. Ay, I know her, Sir; at leaſt, I'm ſure I can fiſh it out of her: She's the very Sluce to her Lady's Secrets: — 'Tis but ſetting her Mill a-going, and I can drein her of 'em all.

Sharp. Here, *Frank*, your Blond-hound has made out the Fault: This Letter, that ſo ſticks in thy Maw, is counterfeit; only a Trick of *Sylvia* in Revenge, contriv'd by *Lucy*.

Vain. Ha! It has a Colour —— But how do you know it, Sirrah?

Setter. I do ſuſpect as much; — becauſe why, Sir, — She was pumping me about how your Worſhip's Affairs ſtood towards Madam *Araminta*; as, when you had ſeen her laſt? when you were to ſee her next? and, where you were to be found at that time? and ſuch like.

Vain. And where did you tell her?

Setter. In the *Piazza*.

Vain. There I receiv'd the Letter —— It muſt be ſo —— And why did you not find me out, to tell me this before, Sot?

Setter. Sir, I was Pimping for Mr. *Bellmour*.

Sharp. You were well employ'd: —— I think there is no Objection to the Excuſe.

Vain. Pox o' my ſawcy Credulity —— If I have loſt her, I deſerve it. But if Confeſſion and Repentance be of force, I'll win her, or weary her into a Forgiveneſs. [*Exit.*

Sharp. Methinks I long to ſee *Bellmour* come forth.

Enter Bellmour.

Setter. Talk of the Devil —— See where he comes.

Sharp. Hugging himſelf in his proſperous Miſchief —— No real Fanatick can look better pleas'd after a ſucceſsful Sermon of Sedition.

Bell. Sharper! Fortifie thy Spleen: Such a Jeſt! Speak when thou art ready.

Sharp. Now, were I ill-natur'd, would I utterly diſappoint thy Mirth: Hear

Hear thee tell thy mighty Jeſt, with as much Gravity as a Biſhop hears Venereal Cauſes in the Spiritual Court; Not ſo much as wrinkle my Face with one Smile; but let thee look ſimply, and laugh by thy ſelf.

Bell. P'ſhaw, No; I have a better opinion of thy Wit —— Gad, I defie thee. ——

Sharp. Were it not loſs of Time, you ſhould make the Experiment. But honeſt *Setter*, here, over-heard you with *Lucy*, and has told me all.

Bell. Nay then, I thank thee for not putting me out of Countenance. But, to tell you ſomething you don't know ——— I got an opportunity (after I had marry'd 'em) of diſcovering the Cheat to *Sylvia*. She took it at firſt, as another Woman would the like Diſappointment; but my Promiſe to make her amends quickly with another Husband, ſomewhat pacify'd her.

Sharp. But how the Devil do you think to acquit your ſelf of your Promiſe? Will you marry her your ſelf?

Bell. I have no ſuch Intentions at preſent —— Prithee, wilt thou think a little for me? I am ſure the Ingenious Mr. *Setter* will aſſiſt.

Setter. O Lord, Sir!

Bell. I'll leave him with you, and go ſhift my Habit. [*Exit.*

[*Enter Sir* Joſeph *and* Bluffe.]

Sharp. Heh! Sure, Fortune has ſent this Fool hither on purpoſe. *Setter*, Stand cloſe; ſeem not to obſerve 'em; and, Hark-ye — [*Whiſpers.*

Bluffe. Fear him not —— I am prepar'd for him now; and he ſhall find he might have ſafer rouz'd a ſleeping Lion.

Sir *Joſ.* Huſh, huſh: Don't you ſee him?

Bluffe. Shew him to me. —— Where is he?

Sir *Joſ.* Nay, don't ſpeak ſo loud ——— I don't jeſt, as I did a little while ago ——— Look yonder ——— A-gad, if he ſhould hear the Lion roar, he'd cudgel him into an Aſs, and his primitive Braying. Don't you remember the Story in *Æſop's Fables*, Bully? A-gad, there are good Morals to be pickt out of *Æſop's Fables*, let me tell you that; and *Reynard the Fox* too.

Bluffe. Damn your Morals.

Sir *Joſ.* Prithee, don't ſpeak ſo loud.

Bluffe. Damn your Morals; I muſt revenge th' Affront done to my Honour. [*In a low Voice.*

Sir *Joſ.* Ay; Do, do, Captain, if you think fitting — You may diſpoſe of your own Fleſh as you think fitting, d'ye ſee: —— But by the Lord *Harry*, I'll leave you. [*Stealing away upon his Tip-toes.*

Bluffe. Prodigious! What, will you forſake your Friend in extremity! You can't in honour refuſe to carry him a Challenge.

[*Almoſt whiſpering, and treading ſoftly after him.*

Sir *Joſ.* Prithee, what do you ſee in my face, that looks as if I would carry a Challenge? Honour is your Province, Captain; Take it —— All the World know me to be a Knight, and a Man of Worſhip.

Setter. I

Setter. I warrant you, Sir, I'm instructed.

Sharp. Impossible! *Araminta*, take a liking to a Fool! [*Aloud.*

Setter. Her head runs on nothing else, nor she can talk of nothing else.

Sharp. I know she commended him all the while we were in the Park; but I thought it had been only to make *Vainlove* jealous. ——

Sir *Jos.* How's this! Good Bully, hold your breath, and let's hearken. A-gad, this must be I. ——

Sharp. Death, it can't be. —— An Oaf, an Ideot, a Wittal.

Sir *Jos.* Ay, now it's out; 'tis I, my own individual Person.

Sharp. A Wretch, that has flown for shelter to the lowest shrub of Mankind, and seeks protection from a blasted Coward.

Sir *Jos.* That's you, *Bully*, Back. [Bluffe *frowns upon* Sir Jos.

Sharp. She has given *Vainlove* her Promise, to marry him before to morrow morning. —— Has she not? *To* Setter.

Setter. She has, Sir; — And I have it in Charge to attend her all this Evening, in order to conduct her to the Place appointed.

Sharp. Well, I'll go and inform your Master; and do you press her to make all the haste imaginable. [*Exit.*

Setter. Were I a Rogue now, what a noble Prize could I dispose of! A goodly Pinnace, richly laden, and to launch forth under my Auspicious Convoy. Twelve thousand Pounds, and all her Rigging; besides what lies conceal'd under Hatches. —— Ha! All this committed to my care! — Avaunt Temptation. —— *Setter*, shew thy self a Person of worth; be true to thy Trust, and be reputed honest. Reputed honest! Hum: Is that all? Ay: For to be honest is nothing; the reputation of it is all. Reputation! what have such poor Rogues as I to do with Reputation? 'tis above us; and for Men of Quality, they are above it; so that Reputation is e'en as foolish as Honesty. And for my part, if I meet Sir *Joseph* with a Purse of Gold in his hand, I'll dispose of mine to the best advantage.

Sir *Jos.* Heh, heh, heh: Here 'tis for you, i'faith, Mr. *Setter*. Nay, I'll take you at your word. [*Chinking a Purse.*

Setter. Sir *Joseph* and the Captain too! undone, undone! I'm undone, my Master's undone, my Lady's undone, and all the business is undone.

Sir *Jos.* No, no, never fear, Man, the Lady's business shall be done. What —— Come, Mr. *Setter*, I have over-heard all, and to speak, is but loss of time; but if there be occasion, let these worthy Gentlemen intercede for me. [*Gives him Gold.*

Setter. O Lord, Sir, what d'ye mean? Corrupt my Honesty. —— They have indeed very persuading Faces. But ——

Sir *Jos.* 'Tis too little, there's more, Man. There, take all —— Now ——

Setter. Well, Sir *Joseph*, you have such a winning way with you' ——

Sir *Jos.* And how, and how, good *Setter*, did the little Rogue look, when she talk'd of Sir *Joseph*? Did not her Eyes twinkle, and her Mouth water?

Did

Did not she pull up her little Bubbies? And —— Agad, I'm so overjoy'd —— And stroke down her Belly? and then step aside to tie her Garter, when she was thinking of her Love? Heh, *Setter!*

Setter. Oh, Yes, Sir.

Sir *Jos.* How now, *Bully?* What, melancholy, because I'm in the Ladies favour? —— No matter, I'll make your peace —— I know they were a little smart upon you —— But I warrant, I'll bring you into the Ladies good Graces.

Bluffe. P'shaw, I have Petitions to show, from other-guess Toys than she. Look here; These were sent me this morning —— There, read, [*Shows Letters.*] That —— That's a Scrawl of Quality. Here, here's from a Countess too. Hum —— No, hold —— that's from a Knight's Wife, she sent it me by her Husband —— But here, both these are from Persons of great Quality.

Sir *Jos.* They are either from Persons of great Quality, or no Quality at all, 'tis such a damn'd ugly Hand. { *While Sir* Joseph *reads,* Bluffe *whispers* Setter.

Setter. Captain, I would do any thing to serve you; but this is so difficult ——

Bluffe. Not at all. Don't I know him?

Setter. You'll remember the Conditions? ——

Bluffe. I'll give't you under my Hand —— In the mean time, here's Earnest. [*Gives him Money.*] Come, Knight, —— I'm capitulating with Mr. *Setter* for you.

Sir *Jos.* Ah, honest *Setter*; —— Sirrah, I'll give thee any thing but a Night's Lodging. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sharper, *tugging in* Heartwel.

Sharp. Nay, prithee leave Railing, and come along with me: May be she mayn't be within. 'Tis but to yond' Corner-house.

Heart. Whither? Whither? Which Corner-house?

Sharp. Why, there: The Two white Posts.

Heart. And who would you visit there, say you? (O'ons, how my heart akes.)

Sharp. P'shaw, Thou'rt so troublesom and inquisitive —— Why, I'll tell you; 'Tis a young Creature that *Wainlove* debauch'd, and has forsaken. Did you never hear *Bellmour* chide him about *Sylvia?*

Heart. Death, and Hell, and Marriage! My Wife! [*Aside.*

Sharp. Why thou art as musty as a New-marry'd Man, that had found his Wife Knowing the first Night.

Heart. Hell, and the Devil! Does he know it? But, hold —— If he should not, I were a Fool to discover it —— I'll dissemble, and try him. [*Aside.*] Ha, ha, ha. Why, *Tom.* Is that such an Occasion of Melancholy? Is it such an uncommon Mischief?

Sharp. No, faith; I believe not. —— Few Women, but have their Year of Probation, before they are cloister'd in the narrow Joys of Wedlock.

lock. But, prithee come along with me, or I'll go and have the Lady to my self. B'w'y *George*. [*Going*.

Heart. O Torture! How he racks and tears me! —— Death! Shall I own my Shame, or wittingly let him go and whore my Wife? No, that's insupportable ——— Oh, *Sharper!*

Sharper. How now?

Heart. Oh, I am — married.

Sharp. (Now hold Spleen.) Married!

Heart. Certainly, irrecoverably married.

Sharp. Heav'n forbid, Man! How long?

Heart. Oh, an Age, an Age! I have been married these two Hours.

Sharp. My Old Batchelor married! That were a Jest. Ha, ha, ha.

Heart. Death! D'ye mock me? Heark-ye, If either you esteem my Friendship, or your own Safety —— Come not near that House ——— that Corner-house —— that hot Brothel. Ask no Questions. [*Exit*.

Sharp. Mad, by this Light.

Thus Grief still treads upon the Heels of Pleasure:
Marry'd in haste, we may repent at leisure.

[Setter *Entring*.]

Setter. Some by Experience find those Words misplac'd:
At leisure marry'd, they repent in haste.
As I suppose my Master *Heartwel*.

Sharp. Here again, my *Mercury!*

Setter. Sublimate, if you please, Sir: I think my Atchievements do deserve the Epithet ——— *Mercury* was a Pimp too, but, though I blush to own it, at this time, I must confess I am somewhat faln from the Dignity of my Function, and do condescend to be scandalously employ'd in the Promotion of Vulgar Matrimony.

Sharp. As how, dear dexterous Pimp?

Setter. Why, to be brief, for I have weighty Affairs depending, ——— Our Stratagem succeeded as you intended — *Bluffe* turns errant Traytor; bribes me, to make a private Conveyance of the Lady to him, and put a Sham-settlement upon Sir *Joseph*.

Sharp. O Rogue! Well, but I hope ———

Setter. No, no; never fear me, Sir —— I privately inform'd the Knight of the Treachery; who has agreed, seemingly to be cheated, that the Captain may be so in reality.

Sharp. Where's the Bride?

Setter. Shifting Cloaths for the purpose, at a Friend's House of mine. Here's Company coming; if you'll walk this way, Sir, I'll tell you. [*Exeunt*.

[*Enter* Bellmour, Belinda, Araminta, *and* Vainlove.]

Vain. Oh, 'twas a Frenzy all: Cannot you forgive it? ——— Men in Madness have a Title to your Pity. [*To* Araminta.

Aram. —Which they forfeit, when they are restor'd to their Senses.

Vain. I am not presuming beyond a Pardon.

Aram. You

Aram. You who cou'd reproach me with one Counterfeit, how inſolent would a real pardon make you! But there's no need to forgive what is not worth my Anger.

Belin. O my Conſcience, I cou'd find in my Heart to marry thee, purely to be rid of thee ——— At leaſt, Thou art ſo troubleſome a Lover, there's Hopes thou'lt make a more than ordinary quiet Huſband. [*To* Bellmour.

Bell. Say you ſo? ——Is that a Maxim among ye?

Belin. Yes: You flattering Men of the Mode have made Marriage a meer *French* Diſh.

Bell. I hope there's no *French* Sawce. [*Aſide.*

Belin. You are ſo curious in the Preparation, that is, your Courtſhip, one wou'd think you meant a noble Entertainment ——But when we come to feed, 'tis all Froth, and poor, but in ſhow. Nay, often, only Remains, which have been I know not how many times warm'd for other Company, and at laſt ſerv'd up cold to the Wife.

Bell. That were a miſerable Wretch indeed, who cou'd not afford one warm Diſh for the Wife of his boſom ——But you timorous Virgins form a dreadful Chimæra of a Husband, as of a Creature contrary to that ſoft, humble, pliant, eaſie thing, a Lover, ſo gueſs at Plagues in Matrimony, in Oppoſition to the Pleaſures of Courtſhip. Alas! Courtſhip to Marriage, is but as the Muſick in the Play-houſe, till the Curtain's drawn; but that once up, then opens the Scene of Pleaſure.

Belin. Oh, foh ——no: Rather, Courtſhip to Marriage, as a very witty Prologue to a very dull Play.

Enter Sharper.

Sharp. Hiſt, —*Bellmour:* If you'll bring the Ladies, make haſte to *Sylvia*'s Lodgings, before *Heartwell* has fretted himſelf out of breath. ——I'm in haſte now, but I'll come in at the Cataſtrophe. [*Exit.*

Bell. You have an Opportunity now, Madam, to revenge your ſelf upon *Heartwell*, for affronting your Squirrel. [*To* Belinda.

Belin. O the filthy rude Beaſt.

Aram. 'Tis a laſting Quarrel: I think he has never been at our Houſe ſince.

Bell. But give your ſelves the trouble to walk to that Corner-Houſe, and I'll tell you by the way what may divert and ſurprize you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *Changes to* Sylvia's *Lodgings.*

Enter Heartwell *and Boy.*

Heart. Gone forth, ſay you, with her Maid!

Boy. There was a Man too that fetch'd 'em out ——*Setter*, I think they call'd him.

Heart. So--h ——— That precious Pimp too ——Damn'd, damn'd Strumpet!

Strumpet! Cou'd she not contain her self on her Wedding-Day! Not hold out till Night! Leave me. [*Exit Boy.*

O curſed State! How wide we err, when apprehenſive of the Load of Life! ——— We hope to find
That Help which Nature meant in Woman-kind,
To Man that Supplemental Self deſign'd;
But proves a burning Cauſtick when apply'd,
And *Adam*, ſure, cou'd with more Eaſe abide
The Bone when broken, than when made a Bride.

Enter Bellmour, Belinda, Vainlove, Araminta.

Bell. Now *George*, What Rhyming! I thought the Chimes of Verſe were paſt, when once the doleful Marriage-knell was rung.

Heart. Shame and Confuſion. I am expoſed.

[Vainlove *and* Araminta *talk a part.*

Belin. Joy, Joy Mr. *Bridegroom*; I give you Joy Sir.

Heart. 'Tis not in thy Nature to give me Joy — A Woman can as ſoon give Immortality.

Belin. Ha, ha, ha, O Gad, Men grow ſuch Clowns when they are married.

Bell. That they are fit for no Company but their Wives.

Belin. Nor for them neither, in a little time——I ſwear, at the month's end, you ſhall hardly find a Married-man, that will do a civil thing to his Wife, or ſay a civil thing to any body elſe. *Jeſu!* how he looks already. Ha, ha, ha.

Bell. Ha, ha, ha.

Heart. Death, Am I made your Laughing-ſtock? For you, Sir, I ſhall find a time; but take off your Waſp here, or the Clown may grow boiſtrous, I have a Fly-flap.

Belin. You have occaſion for't, your Wife has been blown upon.

Bell. That's home.

Heart. Not Fiends or Furies could have added to my vexation, or any thing, but another Woman——You've wrack'd my patience; be gone, or By ———

Bell. Hold, hold. What the Devil, thou wilt not draw upon a Woman!

Vain. What's the matter?

Aram. Bleſs me! What have you done to him?

Belin. Only touch'd a gall'd-beaſt till he winch'd.

Vain. Bellmour, Give it over; you vex him too much? 'tis all ſerious to him.

Belin. Nay, I ſwear, I begin to pity him, my ſelf.

Heart. Damn your pity——But let me be calm a little——How have I deſerv'd this of you? Any of ye? Sir, have I impair'd the Honour of your Houſe, promis'd your Siſter Marriage, and whor'd her; Wherein have I injur'd you? Did I bring a Phyſician to your Father when he lay expiring,

and

and endeavour to prolong his life, and you one-and-twenty? Madam, have I had an Opportunity with you and bauk'd it? Did you ever offer me the Favour that I refus'd it? Or——

Belin. Oh foh! What does the filthy fellow mean? Lard, let me be gone.

Aram. Hang me, if I pity you; you are right enough ſerv'd.

Bell. This is a little ſcurrilous tho'.

Vain. Nay, 'tis a Sore of your own ſcratching —— Well *George*,——

Heart. You are the principal Cauſe of all my preſent Ills. If *Sylvia* had not been your Whore, my Wife might have been honeſt.

Vain. And if *Sylvia* had not been your Wife, my Whore might have been juſt——There, we are even——But have a good heart, I heard of your Misfortune, and come to your relief.

Heart. When Execution's over, you offer a Reprieve.

Vain. What would you give?

Heart. Oh! Any thing, every thing, a Leg or two, or an Arm; nay, I would be divorced from my Virility, to be divorced from my Wife.

Enter Sharper.

Vain. Faith, that's a ſure way——But here's one can ſell you freedom better cheap.

Sharp. Vainlove, I have been a kind of a God-father to you, yonder. I have promiſed and vow'd ſome things in your Name, which I think you are bound to perform.

Vain. No ſigning to a Blank, friend.

Sharp. No, I'll deal fairly with you——'Tis a full and free Diſcharge to Sir *Joſeph Wittal* and Captain *Bluffe*; for all Injuries whatſoever, done unto you by them, until the preſent Date hereof——How ſay you?

Vain. Agreed.

Sharp. Then, let me beg theſe Ladies to wear their Maſques, a moment. [*Exit.*

Heart. What the Devil's all this to me.

Vain. Patience.

Re-Enter Sharper, *with Sir* Joſeph, Bluffe, Sylvia, Lucy, Setter.

Bluffe. All Injuries whatſoever, Mr. *Sharper*.

Sir *Joſ.* Ay, ay, whatſoever, Captain, ſtick to that; whatſoever.

Sharp. 'Tis done, thoſe Gentlemen are witneſſes to the general Releaſe.

Vain. Ay, ay, to this inſtant Moment——I have paſt an Act of Oblivion.

Bluffe. 'Tis very generous, Sir, ſince I needs muſt own——

Sir *Joſ.* No, no, Captain, you need not own, Heh, heh, heh. 'Tis I muſt own——

Bluffe. ——That you are over-reach'd too, ha, ha, ha, only a little Art military uſed —— only undermined, or ſo, as ſhall appear by the fair *Araminta*, my Wive's permiſſion. Oh, the Devil, cheated at laſt! [Lucy *unmaſques.*

Sir *Jos.* Only a little Art-military Trick, Captain, only countermin'd, or ſo —— Mr. *Vainlove*, I ſuppoſe you know whom I have got—now, but all's forgiven.

Vain. I know whom you have not got; pray Ladies convince him. [*Aram. and* Belin. *unmaſque.*

Sir *Jos.* Ah! O Lord, my heart akes——Ah! *Setter*, a Rogue of all ſides.

Sharp. Sir *Joſeph*, you had better have pre-engag'd this Gentleman's Pardon: For though *Vainlove* be ſo generous to forgive the loſs of his Miſtriſs——I know not how *Heartwell* may take the loſs of his Wife.

[Sylvia *unmaſques.*

Heart. My Wife! By this Light 'tis ſhe, the very Cockatrice—Oh *Sharper!* Let me embrace thee—But art thou ſure ſhe is really married to him?

Setter. Really and lawfully married, I am witneſs.

Sharp. Bellmour will unriddle to you. [Heartwell *goes to* Bellmour.

Sir *Jo.* Pray, Madam, who are you? For I find, you and I are like to be better acquainted.

Sylv. The worſt of me, is, that I am your Wife ——

Sharp. Come, Sir *Joſeph*, your Fortune is not ſo bad as you fear — A fine Lady, and a Lady of very good Quality.

Sir *Jo.* Thanks to my Knight-hood, ſhe's a Lady ——

Vain. —— That deſerves a Fool with a better Title——Pray uſe her as my Relation, or you ſhall hear on't.

Bluff. What, are you a woman of Quality too, Spouſe?

Setter. And my Relation; pray let her be reſpected accordingly—Well, honeſt *Lucy*, Fare thee well —— I think, you and I have been Play-fellows off and on, any time this Seven Years.

Lucy. Hold your prating —— I'm thinking what Vocation I ſhall follow while my Spouſe is planting Lawrels in the Wars.

Bluff. No more wars, Spouſe, no more Wars —— While I plant Lawrels for my Head abroad, I may find the branches ſprout at home.

Heart. Bellmour, I approve thy mirth, and thank thee——And I cannot in gratitude (for I ſee which way thou art going) ſee thee fall into the ſame ſnare, out of which thou haſt deliver'd me.

Bell. I thank thee, *George*, for thy good Intention—But there is a fatality in Marriage——For I find I'm reſolute.

Heart. Then good Counſel will be thrown away upon you——For my part, I have once eſcap'd ——And when I wed again, may ſhe be——Ugly, as an old Bawd.

Vain. ——Ill natur'd, as an old Maid——

Bell. Wanton as a young Widow——

Sharp. And jealous as a barren Wife.

Heart. Agreed,

Bell. Well; 'Midſt of theſe dreadful Denunciations, and notwithſtanding the Warning and Example before me, I commit my ſelf to laſting Durance. *Belin.*

Belin. Priſoner, make much of your Fetters. [*Giving her Hand.*

Bell. Frank, Will you keep us in Countenance.

Vain. May I preſume to hope ſo great a Bleſſing.

Aram. We had better take the Advantage of a little of our Friends Experience firſt.

Bell. O my Conſcience ſhe dares not conſent, for fear he ſhou'd recant. [*Aſide.*] Well, we ſhall have your Company to Church in the Morning —— May be it may get you an Appetite to ſee us fall too before ye. *Setter*, did not you tell me? ——

Setter. They're at the Door: I'll call 'em in.

A Dance.

Bell. Now ſet me forward on a Journey for life —— Come take your Fellow-Travellers. Old *George*, I'm ſorry to ſee thee ſtill plod on alone.

Heart. With gaudy Plumes and gingling Bells made proud,
The youthful Beaſt ſets forth, and neighs aloud.
A Morning-Sun his Tinſell'd Harneſs gilds,
And the firſt Stage a Down-hill Green-ſword yields.
But, Oh——
What rugged ways attend the Noon of Life!
(Our Sun declines,) and with what anxious Strife,
What pain we tug that galling Load, a Wife.
All Courſers the firſt Heat with vigour run;
But 'tis with Whip and Spur the Race is won. *Exeunt Omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. *Barry*.

AS a raſh Girl, who will all Hazards run,
And be enjoy'd, tho' ſure to be undone;
Soon as her Curioſity is over,
Would give the World ſhe could her Toy recover;
So fares it with our Poet; and I'm ſent
To tell you, he already does repent:
Would you were all as forward, to keep Lent.
Now the Deed's done, the Giddy-thing has leiſure
To think o'th' Sting, that's in the tail of Pleaſure.
Methinks I hear him in Conſideration!
What will the World ſay? Where's my Reputation?
Now that's at ſtake——No fool, 'tis out o' faſhion.
If loſs of that ſhould follow want of Wit,
How many Undone Men were in the Pit!
Why that's ſome Comfort, to an Author's fears,
If he's an Aſs, he will be Try'd by's Peers.
But hold——I am exceeding my Commiſſion;
My Buſineſs here, was humbly to Petition:
But we're ſo us'd to rail on theſe Occaſions,
I could not help one tryal of your Patience:
For 'tis our way (you know) for fear o'th' worſt,
To be before-hand ſtill, and cry Fool firſt.
How ſay you, Sparks? How do you ſtand affected?
I ſwear, young Bays *within, is ſo dejected,*
'Twould grieve your hearts to ſee him; ſhall I call him?
But then you cruel Criticks would ſo maul him!
Yet, may be, you'll encourage a beginner;
But how?——Juſt as the Devil does a Sinner.
Women and Wits are us'd e'en much at one,
You gain your Ends, and damn 'em when you've done.

FINIS.

Books and Plays lately Printed, and Sold by Peter Buck, *at the Sign of the* Temple *in* Fleetstreet; *and* Richard Wellington, *at the* Lute *in St.* Paul's *Church-yard.*

1. A Short Account of the Controversy between the Church of *England* and the Dissenters: In which, the Pleas for Separation from the Church of *England* are proved to be Insufficient, from the Writings of the most Eminent Men among the Dissenters themselves; and their Separation condemn'd by all the Reform'd Churches beyond Seas.

2. *Incognita:* Or, Love and Duty reconcil'd. A Novel.

3. *Pyrrhus*, King of *Epirus:* A Tragedy. Written by Mr. *Hopkins.*

4. The Devil turn'd Casuist: Or, The Cheats of *Rome* laid open in the Exorcism of a Despairing Devil, at the House of *Thomas Pennington*, at *Orrell*, in the Parish of *Wigan* and County of *Lancaster.* By *Zachary Taylor*, M. A. Chaplain to the Right Reverend Father in God, *Nicholas* Lord Bishop of *Chester*, and Rector of *Wigan.*

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11. *Plautus*'s Comedies. Englished by several Hands.

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THE END.

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